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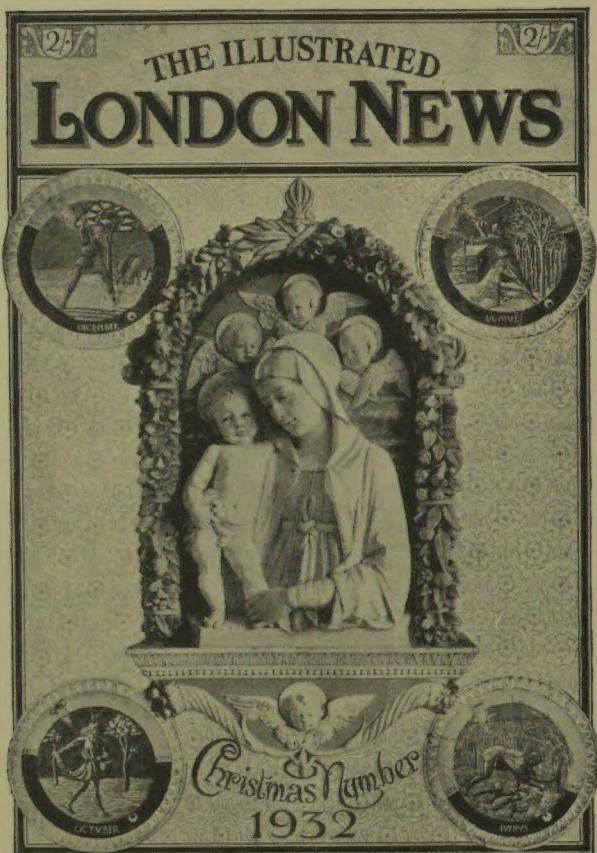
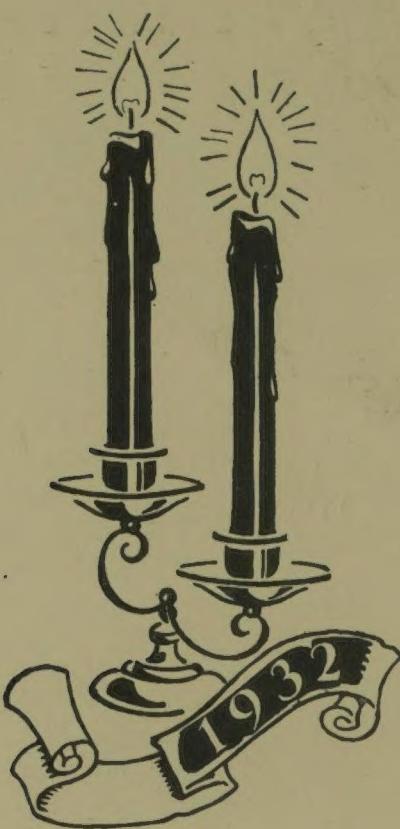
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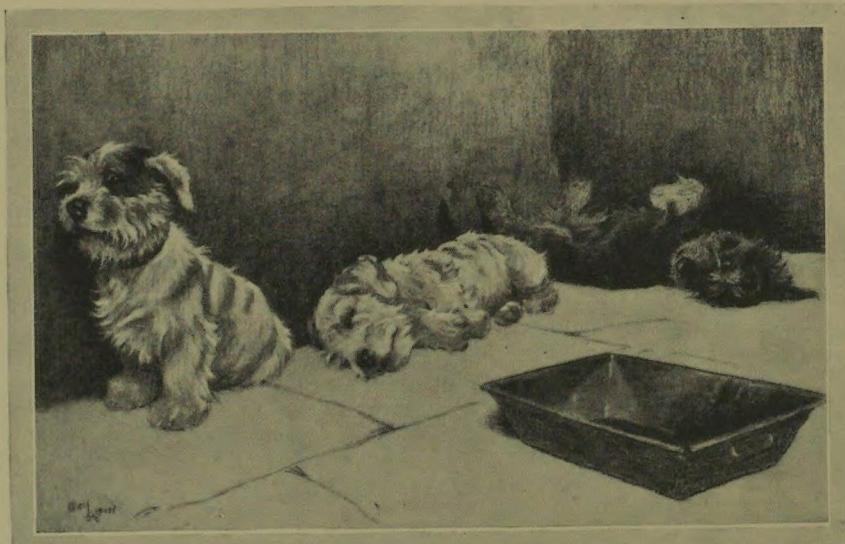


The Christmas Number of The Illustrated London News



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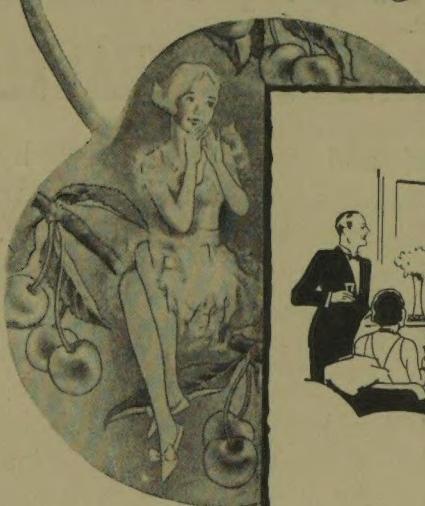
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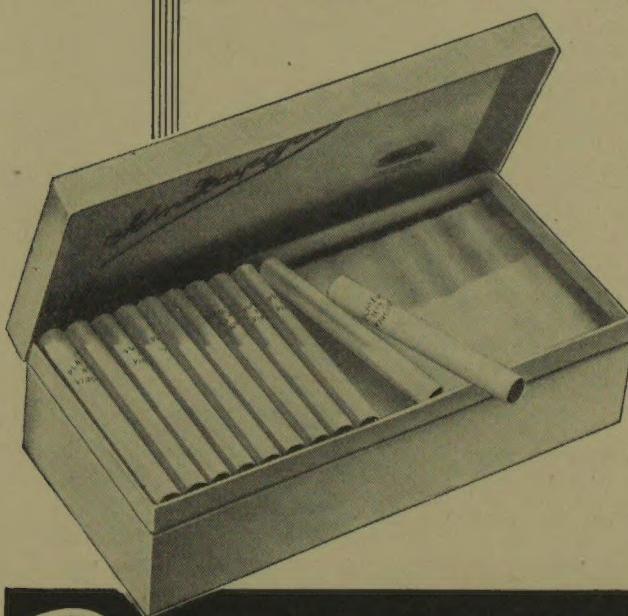
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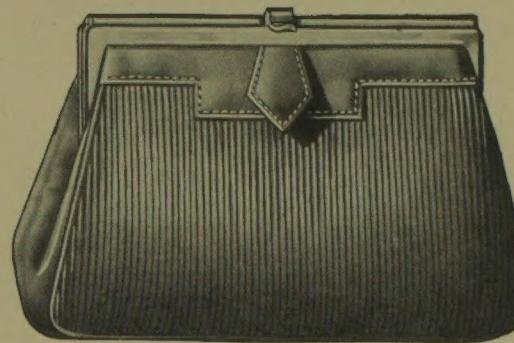
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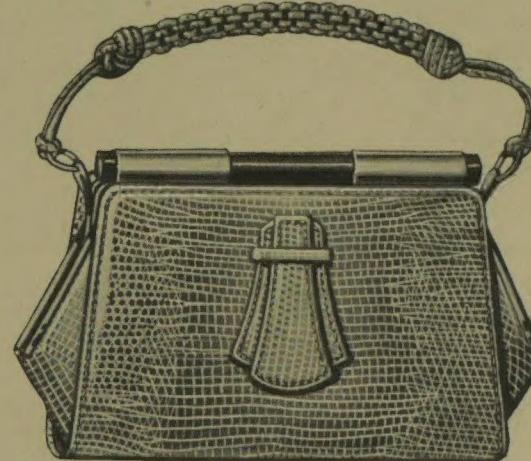
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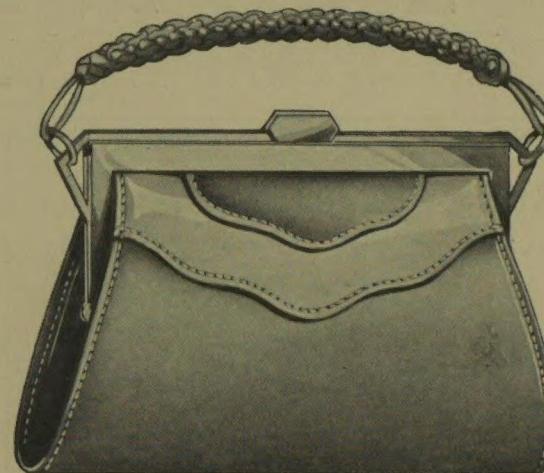
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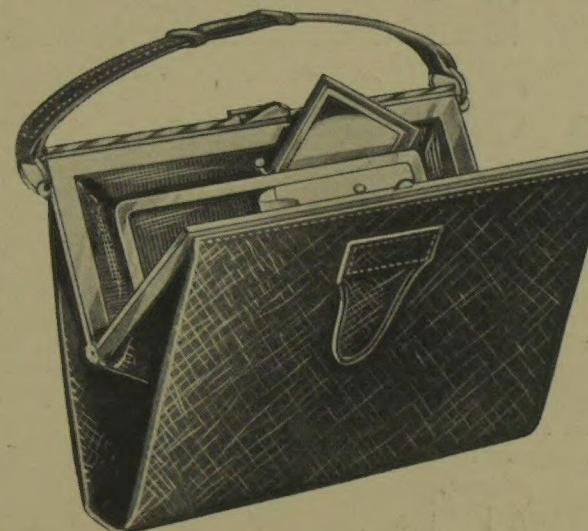
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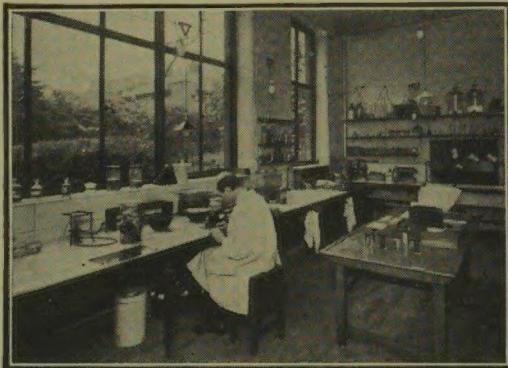
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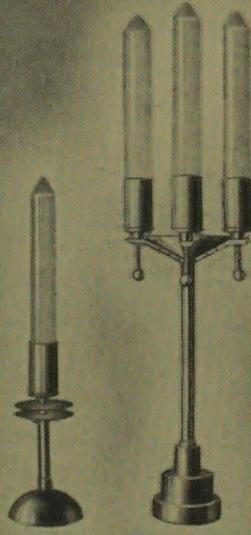
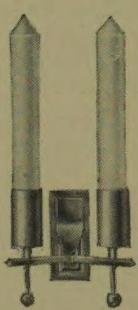
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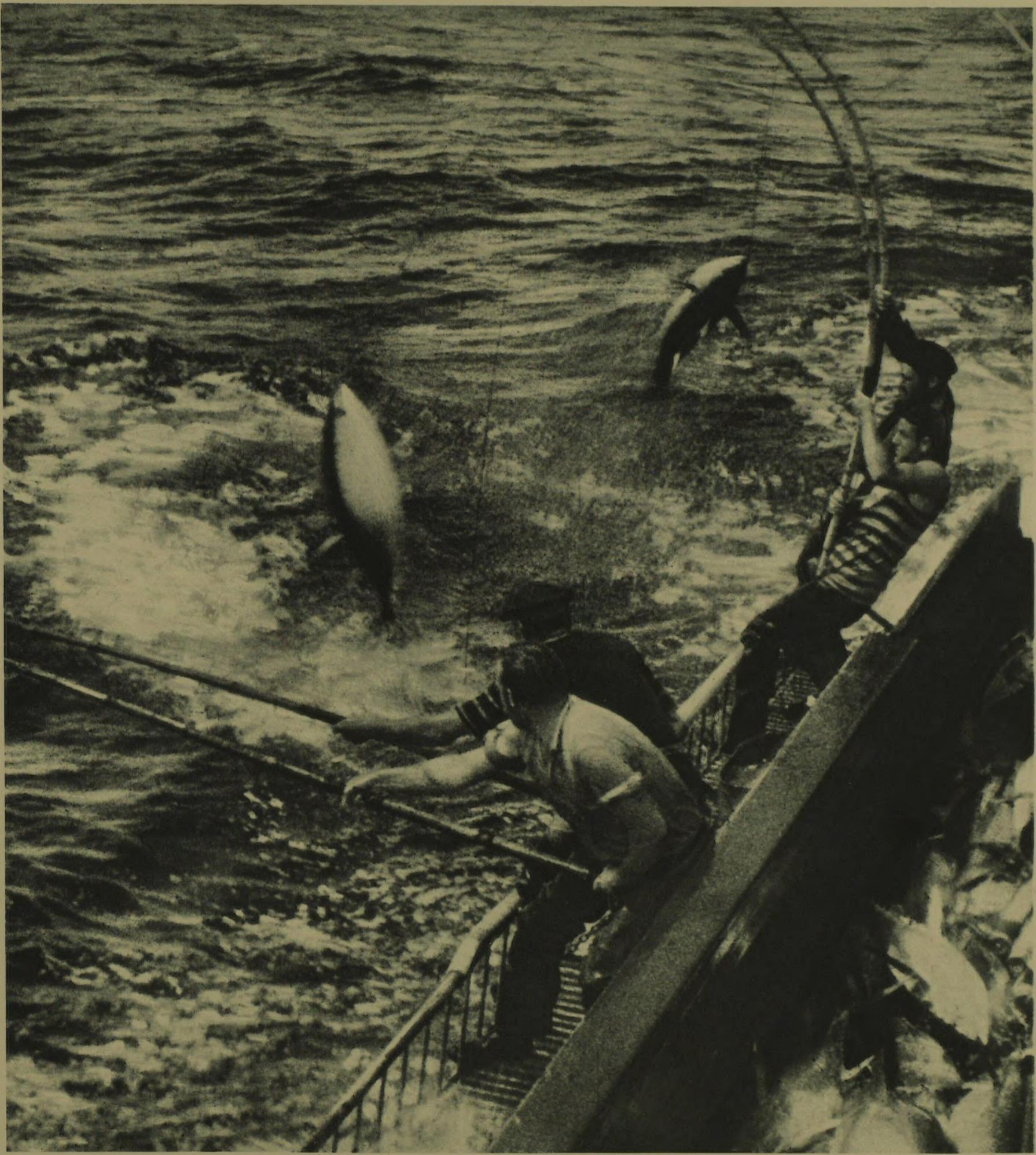
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1932.



CATCHING FISH AS FAST AS HOOKS CAN BE BAITED: ANGLING FOR TUNA
IN SHARK-INFESTED SEAS.

Here and on a double-page in this number we illustrate the thrills of tuna (tunny) fishing in the Pacific off Mexico, as represented in the new First National film, "Tiger Shark." This tuna-fishing is an industry, and the fish are so numerous that one comes to the bait almost directly it is cast. A crew of ten men, in three hours, will take 45 tons of tuna for canning. The rod is a bamboo pole with a seven-foot line. When a fish takes the bait, the secret is to keep its head up, using its upward rush to yank it into the boat. Once it gets its head down, it may drag the fisherman after it among the sharks.

REPRODUCTION FROM THE FILM "TIGER SHARK." BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL FILM DISTRIBUTORS, LTD.

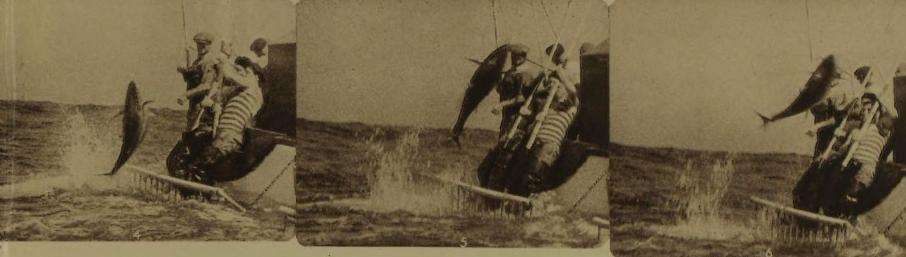
NO WAITING FOR A BITE! THRILLS OF RAPID ANGLING IN THE TUNA FISHERIES OF THE PACIFIC OFF MEXICO.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE FILM "TIGER SHARK." BY COURTESY OF FIRST NATIONAL

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FROM THE MOMENT OF HOOKING A FISH TO ITS ARRIVAL IN THE BOAT: SECTIONS OF A CINEMATOGRAPH FILM SHOWING SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF RISE AT ONCE



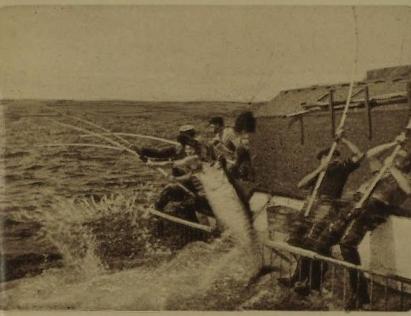
CATCHING A TUNA (TUNNY) WITH A BAMBOO ROD AND A SEVEN-FOOT LINE IN PACIFIC WATERS, WHERE THE FISH ARE SO PLENTIFUL THAT THEY TO THE BAIT.



A HOOKED TUNA WITH ITS FINS OUTSPREAD SOMEWHAT LIKE THE WINGS OF AN AEROPLANE.



SIX RODS VIGOROUSLY AT WORK IN A TUNA-FISHING BOAT, AND A FISH ABOUT TO BE LANDED.



THE CATCH COMING OVER THE RAIL—A MOMENT AFTER THAT SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (TO THE LEFT).



A VIEW OF THE FISHERMEN FROM ABOVE, SHOWING A HOOKED TUNA BEING LIFTED ABOARD ON THE END OF A LINE.



ANGLING FOR BIG FISH THAT MAY DRAG AN UNSKILLED "HAND" OVERBOARD AMONG SHARKS.



"TIGER SHARK," a stirring drama of the tuna-fishing industry, is a new film produced by First National, and shows vividly how deep-sea fishermen of the Pacific risk their lives in the shark-infested waters. The action shown in the film is divided between the shark's colony ashore and the fishing-gounds far out to sea off the Mexican coast. Some of the thrills and excitement experienced by the tuna-fisherman are reproduced above. The fishermen use bamboo poles about eight feet long, with a seven-foot line to which is attached a barbless hook, known as a "jigger." The method of catching the fish is described thus: "The trick is to wiggle the 'jigger' along the surface of the water until a tuna notices the



A LARGE TUNA YANKED OUT OF THE WATER BY A FISHERMAN WITH THE KNACK OF UTILISING ITS UPWARD RUSH TO THE BAIT.

feathers attached to a six-ounce weight floating from it, and comes dashing up to get what he thinks is a free lunch. In a second he is on the hook. Then the fight begins—and the secret is to keep up the tuna's head. If he gets it down, he will take the hook and the pole overboard, and you with it! The handling of the bamboo pole when a shark attacks is another story, involving skill and speed. If the moment is timed right, you catch the tuna on the upward rush and mesh your movement with his, so that you haul him up and over into the boat, letting him do most of the work." Two sharks, weighing 1100 lb. and 800 lb., were brought back to Hollywood, from the tuna-fishing grounds, by the First National filming company.



TUNA-FISHERMEN OF THE PACIFIC RAPIDLY ADDING TO THEIR HUGE CATCH, SHOWN IN THE RECEPTACLE BEHIND.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN some aspects at least the modern period might be called the Age of Anonymity. This may appear a paradox, because in other aspects it is rather obviously the Age of Vanity, or the Age of Vainglory. Those in the modern world, who are fond of more modern words, would probably call it egoism; but, like many words that are supposed to be exact, the word is really rather confusing. What such people would have in mind would be things like Mr. Bernard Shaw being photographed in swimming costume, or eminent men writing memoirs about themselves that would be criminal libels if they were written about other people. But Mr. Bernard Shaw is rather an egotist than an egoist; that is, he is rather given to talking about himself than to thinking about himself. Some may fancy he might have made more of himself if he had thought more and talked less; but, even so, he might have lost something of his considerable consideration and generosity to other people. But the truth is that this sort of Individualism, which is very notable in the old champions of Socialism, largely affects us by way of contrast. We hear of these particular individuals, and of no other individuals, because the general stamp of the society is not individual.

Similarly, a man will be called a crank if he insists on being a craftsman. He will be counted eccentric if he weaves his own clothes or makes his own furniture. He will be possibly quite prominent and famous; but that will be precisely because the general practice of our society is to wear clothes woven by nobody knows whom, or sit on chairs that were made in factories nobody knows where. The same two extremes are present with the same effect in ordinary journalism. It used to be argued that the piety and modesty of mediæval craftsmanship is shown by such masses of great work, in architecture or sculpture, remaining, as it were, unsigned. However that may be, it is not strictly true that Christian humility is the sole cause of men writing anonymous articles in the Press, any more than of their sending anonymous letters through the post. In both cases, less dignified motives have been known to operate. But the present practice of the Press almost always alternates between these extremes of anonymity and advertisement. When certain essays appeared in the old *Edinburgh Review*, they were, by an austere tradition, unsigned, though everybody knew at a glance that they were Macaulay's. Later on, organs of the same solidity and solemnity as the *Edinburgh Review* began to admit signatures; but the signature is still commonly printed at the end, in a small and unobtrusive fashion, not printed at the beginning in the more proud and proclamatory fashion. But this academic type of magazine is not notably the modern type, and the daily paper is more representative of the modern mood. In the daily paper, there is now nothing between the two extremes. The writer's name is either printed in letters as large as paragraphs, or else it is not printed at all. And more often it is not printed at all. As regards the great mass of journalistic work done on the paper, it is not printed at all. In this, as in so much else, modern journalism is broadly representative of modern life. There is a personal foreground, which is sometimes very personal indeed. But there is an enormous anonymous background, and the background is more important than the foreground.

But there is another sense, a graver and even a grimmer sense, in which this is an age of anonymous

things. It is connected with the fact that we no longer live, as some would say, under personal government; or, as others would say, under responsible government. It is true, of course, that there has been already a reaction, which is actually more modern than the moderns. But that is true of much that we must roughly call modernism, which is not quite so modern as it was. For instance, if Italy were to go to war within any short period, everybody would know who had done it; and

more true, since Ministers have abandoned the old silence and solidarity of the Cabinet and have begun to repeat their private differences in public debates. It sometimes seems as if we should never get to the end of a long chain of irresponsibility, and of one man blaming another.

But if this is true even of political life, which is bound to retain at least the theory of political leadership, it is a thousand times more true of commercial and financial life, where no man has even gone through the form of swearing to consider any interest but his own. If the populace does not always know who are the backers of a politician, still less does it know who are the backers of the backers; or even the backers of the backers of the backers. For in finance one group will depend on another group, or one apparent millionaire be supported by another real millionaire, in a manner which the ordinary populace would find quite bewildering. This is one of the reasons, though perhaps not the only reason, for that paralysing effect of random and remote and yet far-reaching catastrophe which marks the perilous economic life of our time. Calamities doubtless fell upon more simple communities; but they generally had a local cause, and therefore generally had a local criminal, or at any rate a local scapegoat. But in the universal modern evasion, even the scapegoat has escaped. Whole districts are swept by penury as by pestilence, and half-a-dozen doctors of economic science can only differ and dispute about the explanation and origin of the disease. Ten to one, even if they could trace it, they would only trace it to some fantastically distant foreigner, on the other side of the world, who could not possibly be made responsible; who possibly did not even know that he was responsible. This sort of anonymity is the peculiar evil of these times, as pestilence or personal oppression were the evils of more primitive times. For this sort of anonymity is very near to anarchy.

It is a common mistake, but a complete mistake, to say that this sort of anarchy is due to democracy.

In the compact communities that have really been democratic, playing anonymous tricks of this sort has been really dangerous. The present evil is not due to the power of the people, but rather to the impotence of the people. It is true that most responsible Governments in the past have probably been more personal. Power has either been trusted to a man or to a type of man. The first method is called monarchy and the second aristocracy. But the third thing which we now suffer is not democracy, or even a necessary result of democracy. So far as it goes—that is, so far as it governs—it is pure plutocracy, and even that title gives it too much of the character of a government. Its worst results do not come from governing, but simply from



BRITISH MINISTERS AT GENEVA FOR CONVERSATIONS ON DISARMAMENT : SIR JOHN SIMON (LEFT) AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

Mussolini could not possibly escape responsibility before history and public opinion. But if one of the Parliamentary States, of the sort that would call Mussolini a reactionary, were to go to war . well, we know by this time that there would be



SIR JOHN SIMON AND M. HERRIOT IN FRIENDLY DISCUSSION ; WITH M. PAUL BONCOUR TO THE RIGHT : THE FIVE POWERS CONVERSATIONS ON DISARMAMENT. On December 6 Mr. MacDonald presided over the Five Powers conversations on Disarmament at Geneva, which came to a successful conclusion on December 11. As a result, Germany returns to her place in the Disarmament Conference, since it has been found possible to grant her claim to "equality of status" without leaving France dissatisfied in regard to "security."

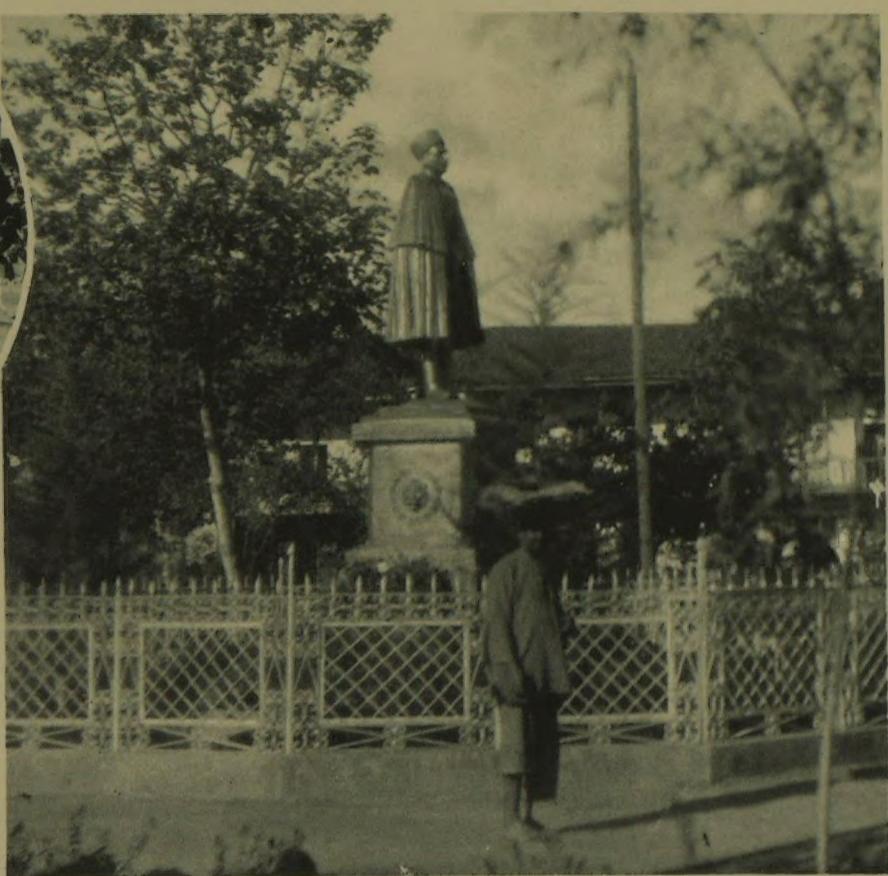
endless recriminations about who was really and originally behind the business. There would be quarrels about which politician had made war reluctantly and which relentlessly. There would be talk of the vested interests behind the politicians; of the ambassadors and the Government officials and their alleged intervention. This has become even

gambling; from private forms of speculation and not from any public forms of official action, good or bad. But the worst result of all is that it creates a sort of labyrinth or tangle very difficult to trace, and leaves all true government, whether monarchic, democratic, or aristocratic, struggling with a sort of everlasting conspiracy.

THE LAND OF THE D'ARCY OIL CONCESSION.
PERSIA: RIZA KHAN PAHLEVI—THE CONSTITUTIONAL SHAH.



THE SCENE AT THE CORONATION OF RIZA KHAN PAHLEVI, RULER OF PERSIA SINCE 1925: THE STATE CARRIAGE CONVEYING THE NEW SHAH FOLLOWED BY A STANDARD BEARER AND ESCORTED BY CAVALRY IN BRILLIANT UNIFORMS.



A GILDED STATUE OF SHAH PAHLEVI AT RESHT: ONE OF THE FIRST STATUES ERECTED IN PERSIA—SINCE THEY ARE FORBIDDEN BY KORANIC LAW.



PERSIA'S FIRST AEROPLANE: SHAH PAHLEVI (LEFT CENTRE) IN FRONT OF THE MACHINE, WHICH FORMED THE NUCLEUS OF A FORCE OF SOME SIXTEEN.



WHERE THE PRESENT SHAH OF PERSIA IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN A SENTRY, AND WHERE HE NOW LIVES IN STATE: ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN ENTRANCES TO THE PALACE AT TEHERAN.

As noted in our last issue, on November 29, Persia announced its decision to cancel the D'Arcy Concession, which was originally granted in 1901 (for sixty years), and was taken over by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in 1909; at the same time stating its readiness to negotiate with the company a new concession, "based on the rights of both parties." The decision was prompted mainly by a desire on the part of the Persian Government to revise the conditions and method of calculating its royalty from the company. The British Government, as stockholders in the company, are trustees of the national holding of about seven and a-half million pounds; while the Persian oil-fields are the principal source of fuel for the British Navy. From the texts of the notes exchanged between the British and Persian Governments, it was learnt that the British



THE RULER OF PERSIA, WHICH RECENTLY CANCELLED THE D'ARCY OIL CONCESSION TO GREAT BRITAIN: SHAH PAHLEVI, WHO HAS DONE MUCH TO WESTERNISE HIS COUNTRY.

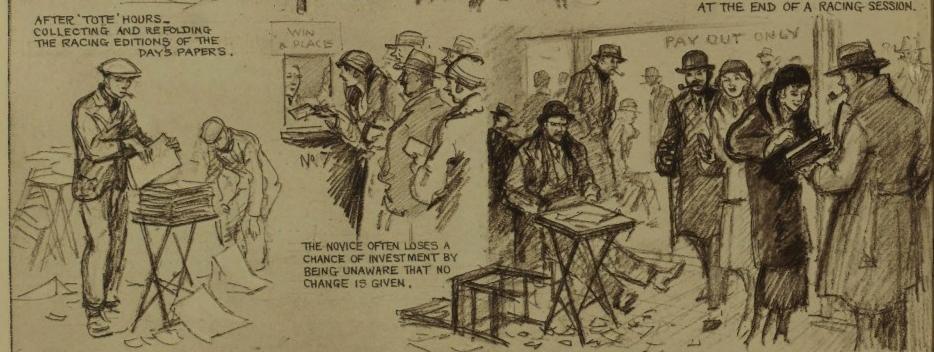
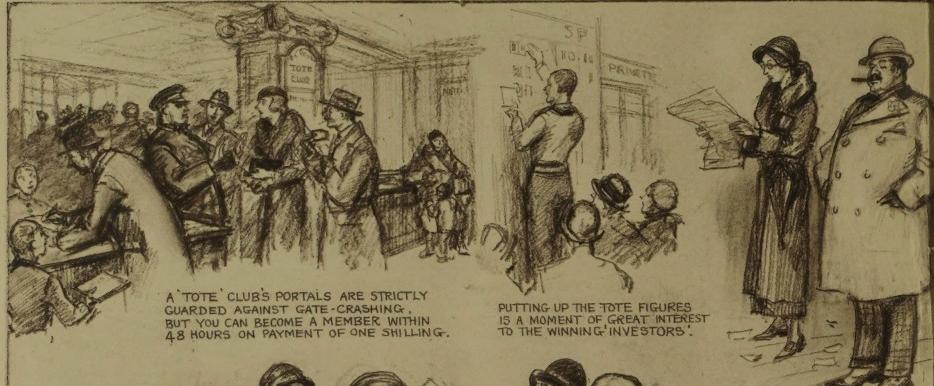
Minister could not admit the validity of a unilateral cancellation of the concession, and that he stated that the British Government would not tolerate any damage to the company's interest. Unless by December 15 the Persian Government had withdrawn their cancellation of the concession, the dispute was to be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague; and, in so doing, Great Britain would ask that Court to indicate, under Article 41, what provisional measures should be taken by this country to preserve its rights. This is the first time that the British Government has invoked the Optional Clause in the Protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice. This clause, to which Persia is a party, provides that the signatories recognise the jurisdiction of the Court in any or all classes of legal disputes.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN ENGLISH LIFE: TOTE CLUBS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU

MECHANISED BETTING DENOUNCED AS DEMORALISING.

FROM SKETCHES AT A TYPICAL TOTE CLUB.



SCENES IN A TOTE CLUB—TYPICAL OF OVER SIXTY SUCH ESTABLISHMENTS

In the House of Lords on December 7 the Bishop of Manchester asked the Government whether they proposed to introduce legislation regarding tote clubs or the totalisator. He argued that the appeal of tote clubs was a cruel one, as mainly directed to the poor or unemployed. Membership was nominal and the fee sometimes is a year; in one rather aristocratic London club, he believed, it was £5; in another only £1. Some clubs, the Bishop continued, were frequented by children, as well as men and women; the result was an increase of theft and fraud, especially among young people,

of poverty, misery, shiftlessness and recklessness. The Bishop's speech was supported by Lord Danesfort and the Earl of Kinnoul. Replying for the Government, the Earl of Lucan said there was no official information as to the number of tote clubs in existence, but according to unofficial estimates there might be something like 100 in London and about the same in the provinces. The clubs were increasing every month, and their growth was viewed with the greatest misgivings. They were attacked by the racecourses because they kept people away from them, while the publicans

BRYAN DE GRINEAU
TOTE CLUB (1932)

OPENED IN THE LONDON COUNTY AREA WITHIN THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

complained of unfair competition from tote clubs, which were not charged the heavy licence duties they themselves had to pay. The Government was watching the matter, but before taking action must await the decision of the Courts as to whether the totalisator was legal elsewhere than on an approved racecourse. The Home Secretary stated recently that in the London County area the police were aware of over 60 tote clubs opened within the last twelve months. Sir Alfred Butt, M.P., who intends to introduce a private Bill making tote clubs illegal, said lately: "Tote clubs

are springing up like mushrooms overnight, throughout the industrial areas." The Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting recently heard evidence on the use of the totalisator at clubs and greyhound-racing tracks. Our artist's illustration shows some typical scenes in a London tote club of a middle class. The members "invest" in horse-racing in the afternoon and greyhound-racing in the evening. A marked feature of such clubs is the absence of the usual glamour of a racecourse. The assemblage waits in subdued silence for the abrupt voice of a loud-speaker announcing results.

RED ECONOMICS.

**BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA."** By LANCELOT LAWTON.*
(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

THIS is, so far as we are aware, the first attempt in English to give a complete and continuous survey of the economics of the Soviet experiment. The subject is extremely complex, and the author has evidently spared himself no pains to view the problem from every angle or to collect data from every source. Nothing so comprehensive has yet been done. Mr. Lawton is evidently well qualified for his task; besides possessing the necessary economic equipment, he is intimately acquainted with Russia (as he has shown already by his "Russian Revolution, 1917-1926"), knows its language, and has access to many sources of information which are closed to the ordinary inquirer. These two volumes necessarily teem with figures and statistics from which convincing inferences are drawn; but the ordinary reader has by this time been so heavily bombarded with contradictory figures concerning Bolshevik Russia and the Five Year Plan that he finds it difficult to arrive at any stable conclusions. We have no reason to doubt a single item of this patient investigator's data, but, for the purposes of the economist, we think it would have been an advantage if he had cited his authorities in greater detail.

The ground is well prepared. Four introductory chapters give a compressed but lucid account of the general economic development of Russia, the fermentation of revolutionary ideas in the nineteenth century, and the economic development in the early twentieth century. Many misconceptions, too favourable and too unfavourable, exist with regard to the Tsarist régime, and we know of no better summary than this of the true situation. Mr. Lawton's general conclusion as to the economic system of Russia on the eve of the Great War is: "The development of capitalism had made considerable progress. Such progress was more apparent in industry than in agriculture, but in neither had it reached that degree of concentration and progress which Marx declared to be essential for transition to socialism." This latter point was of great importance in the sequel, for it plunged Russia into the nightmare of Marxism without even Marxian logic.

For at least eight months—perhaps the very period was symbolical—the parturition of the proletarian millennium was attended with unexampled anguish. Society reverted to that primitive condition which Thomas Hobbes described as "the war of every man upon every man." Even Krassin cried in despair that he felt as if he was living in a madhouse; and to Lenin himself, who, in his solicitude for human welfare, had sounded the slogan "Steal back what has been stolen from you!", "it was unbelievable that Bolshevism should endure, and nearly a year elapsed before he lost the feeling that at any moment all might be over."

Bolshevism realised that it had sprung too soon, and it decided that it must recoil in order to spring better. In 1918 began the period of "state capitalism," of frenzied nationalisation, compulsory labour, war on the peasantry, and the "code of labour laws"—all unsatisfactory expedients from the Bolshevik point of view, but all purporting to be a necessary compromise in order to return to Marx's "preliminary stage"; in other words, a recantation, but without abandonment of the ultimate objective. In actual fact, the original objective of pure Bolshevism has, from the moment of that first compromise, receded further and further into the unattainable distance. Nothing resulted from state capitalism except general breakdown and universal misery. "No recital of economic facts," writes Mr. Lawton, "could convey an adequate idea of the suffering which the town population was called upon to bear." By 1920 "national insolvency reached stupendous proportions." As for government, every moment it tended more and more towards oligarchy. In these early days there arose unmistakably the issue which, from the political point of view, was perhaps the most crucial of all. It lay "between those who wished the proletariat to dictate and those who wished to dictate over the proletariat. The Bolshevik Khans, of which the second group consisted, triumphed." Their victory they have ever since maintained and consolidated, and the result is one of the most singular paradoxes of history—"proletarian" government which is in reality unmitigated despotism. Thus democracy, in its extreme, always begets autocracy.

Another step back, for another acrobatic leap into Marxism, was clearly necessary, and it was taken with that superb disregard of flesh and blood which only the political "idealist" can exhibit in its cruellest degree. Mr. Lawton gives an illuminating account of the New Economic Policy, and shows that it led Russian economics into a maze from which there was no return. "Wholly controlled by events, once they had relaid the foundations of capitalism, the Bolsheviks were driven to erect an imitation of the capitalist structure." It was, however, not so much an imitation as a caricature. The attempt to maintain state industry and private industry side by side was made possible only by the most rapacious plundering of private industry and by "competition" which was entirely one-sided. The vicious circle was complete. "The Bolsheviks could

association and tradition of centuries, an individualist, he has been harried and exploited remorselessly. From Lenin himself came the watchword, "Class war in the village!", and never for a moment has that warfare been relaxed. Those who wish to understand the full extent of the peasant's martyrdom should read Mr. Lawton's excellent chapters on Russian agrarian policy from 1917 to 1928. Chief sufferer from the appalling famine of 1921, the mujik has been hated and persecuted as a "capitalist," banished, despoiled, or "liquidated" as a kulak (a term never defined, but, like "bourgeois," used by the persecutors as a weapon against anybody who incurred their envy or rancour), and finally "collectivised" into a condition which is little better than the serfdom of former days. For the moment he is beaten into submission; but he, and not the machine, nor yet the townsman, is the ultimate controller of Russia's wealth, and his last word has not been spoken.

Although a marked improvement of the general economic position began in 1923, it was clear by 1925 that the New Economic Policy had brought the state no nearer communism than before. "The state had socialised all big factories and all factory workers; but the overwhelming majority of the Russian people, the peasantry, who produced with their own labour, using but little mechanical power, remained as individualistic as ever." Yet again a new experiment in Marxism had to be made, and it was found in the project of intensive industrialisation. In 1926 the party split on the question whether Russia was to realise socialism with or without assistance from the outside world; as is well known, the "Russian" party of Stalin prevailed against the party of Trotsky and Zinoviev, and all was staked on the Five Year Plan. Mr. Lawton examines the progress of the Five Year Plan year by year in great detail and with conspicuous impartiality. His figures and general conclusions show beyond peradventure that in nearly every important respect the Plan has fallen short of intention. There has been great increase in the gross production of large-scale industry, but this has been largely offset by the deterioration in the quality of goods. The programme of foreign trade has not been fulfilled. There is a famine of capital for the necessary development of industry, and there is still great disproportion between industry and agriculture. There is increase, instead of decrease, in cost of production, and there is rampant waste and inefficiency in industrial methods. A new Five Year Plan is ready for 1933, but the problem of finding the vast amount of capital which it requires is entirely unsolved. Meanwhile, the standard of living in town and country remains depressed, and with a bad harvest or a bad winter it may easily reach "desperation point." But, if Plans fail, there are doubtless other grim roads to communism yet to be explored.

Though Mr. Lawton is a severe critic of Bolshevik economics, it must not be supposed that he finds any greater success in capitalist economics. His concluding comparisons are significant.

"As early as the middle of the nineteenth century, Marx and others predicted that from capitalism, socialism would be born, and noted that capitalism, in its struggle to overcome the evils of its own creation, was forming large groups or trusts and resorting to increased mechanisation. Since that time, under the name of rationalisation, both trustification and mechanisation have made marked progress. Bolshevism, which is in reality socialism fanatically in earnest, has striven to enlarge these processes, to carry them to their logical conclusion. The result is the organisation of the state as a trust of trusts, and of all its citizens as employees of trusts. The object which it is sought to attain is precisely the same as that which capitalism has always had in view—to create abundance in response to limitless desire. Capitalism has succeeded in creating an abundance of goods, but not an equal abundance of power to acquire them. . . . Bolshevism has created an abundance

of commodities necessary for existence in comfort. It has also created an abundance of nominal power to acquire goods whenever they are available; in other words, of paper-purchasing tokens which have intermittent and conditional value. Thus, while capitalism is sparing with money having solid purchasing power, Bolshevism is prodigal with money having but scant purchasing power; in either instance much poverty and misery result. Both systems pursue identical aims by methods which have something in common, but neither has come anywhere near to achievement."

C. K. A.



COMMUNISM AS IT IS PRACTISED IN SOVIET RUSSIA—WHICH HAS ABOLISHED CLASS DISTINCTIONS! THE FIRST-CLASS DECK ON BOARD A RUSSIAN STEAMER IN THE BLACK SEA—TO BE COMPARED WITH THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH ON THIS PAGE.

only survive by the expropriation which under the circumstances meant the extinction of individual wealth. Thus, whilst they failed to achieve the solvency of the state, they rendered impossible the solvency of the citizen,



COMMUNISM AS IT IS PRACTISED IN SOVIET RUSSIA: THIRD CLASS ON THE SAME RUSSIAN STEAMER.

The snapshots reproduced on this page were both taken on board the Russian s.s. "Krim" during a trip on the Black Sea. They need no further description, but stand as an interesting contrast in view of their origin—the country of social equality.

robbing him of his livelihood, and giving him nothing in return. How were they to conserve capital whilst crushing capitalists?

Throughout the whole story, there stands out one pathetic figure of dumb, bewildered agony and of infinite endurance. From the beginning, the Bolshevik doctrinaires have seen in the peasant their chief enemy—perhaps, as it will turn out, their unconquerable enemy, for it may yet be found that the force of his passive resistance is a rock on which the storms of fanaticism may spend themselves in vain. For the crime of being, by every

THE RADIUM RUSH IN CANADA: A VALUABLE BUT DANGEROUS TREASURE.



WHERE A TRAPPER LIVED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS UNAWARE OF THE RADIUM UNDER HIS FEET: TRAPPER SLOAN'S CABIN AND THE MASTS OF THE GOVERNMENT WIRELESS STATION AT HUNTER BAY, ON GREAT BEAR LAKE.



MILES FLYNN (RIGHT), ONE OF THE IMPORTANT GREAT BEAR LAKE STAKERS: PROSPECTORS SET DOWN BY AEROPLANE TO INVESTIGATE, AND CALLED FOR AGAIN AFTER TWO WEEKS.



AT LABINE POINT, THE SITE OF THE FIRST RADIUM DISCOVERIES, CALLED AFTER GILBERT LABINE, WHO FOUND THE DEPOSITS: AN AEROPLANE ARRIVING IN WINTER BRINGING FOOD.



THE DISCOVERER OF RADIUM AT GREAT BEAR LAKE AFTER LANDING AT HIS CLAIMS AT ECHO BAY: GILBERT LABINE (FOREGROUND), WHO NOTICED A PECULIAR ROCK FORMATION WHILE FLYING IN SEARCH OF GOLD IN 1930; LANDED, AND FOUND RADIUM.



THE ONLY FREIGHT-CARRYING BOAT ON GREAT BEAR LAKE, IN WHICH TRAPPER BOLAND, IN 1931 AND 1932, TRANSPORTED TONS OF ORE TO THE MACKENZIE RIVER, TO BE TAKEN DOWN BY STEAMER TO THE RAILWAY.

Lord Lee of Fareham's recent speech on the uses and abuses of radium, in which he drew attention to some of the astonishing dangers incurred by the wrong application of radium and by its use in careless or inexperienced hands, gives great interest to these photographs, which illustrate the radium rush to Great Bear Lake, North West Territories, where rich radium-bearing ores have recently been discovered. Lord Lee, who is Chairman of the National Radium Commission, made out a strong case for national control of the substance. He said that though there was no doubt about its palliative effect and its power to relieve pain, yet no positive or confident assurance could be given, save in a very restricted sense, that it could cure cancer and other malignant disease. It could be the most lethal and dangerous of poisons and should be prohibited from importation or sale, except under special licence. "A milligramme of radium," he said, "is not much larger than a grain of sand, yet one-hundredth part absorbed into a human body is sufficient to produce certain and horrible death years after." Lord Lee gave examples of the careless use of radium, and said that "a credulous public in this country is being flooded with advertisements of



TWO AEROPLANES ON A PART OF GREAT BEAR LAKE: CONTACT LAKE, WHERE THE RADIUM-BEARING AREAS ARE AMONG THE MOST VALUABLE HITHERTO FOUND IN THIS ARCTIC REGION.

quack 'radium remedies' in the form of drinking waters, pills, hair restorers, soaps, and even confectionery. None of these, I am informed, can have the slightest therapeutic value, and to such extent, if any, as they contain radium they must be harmful and potentially dangerous." He said that at present radium cost £15,000 a gramme, and that this high price was, in some sort, a public safeguard; but, should other sources of supply develop, Government control would become imperative. Already a rich ore had been found in Canada. It is the discovery of this that has brought about the radium rush which we illustrate here. Our correspondent informs us that official tests show the Great Bear Lake ore to be six times as rich in radium content as the radium-bearing ore of the Belgian Congo. It is of interest to note the part that aeroplanes are taking in prospectors' investigations, and that the discovery arose from a flight over the area.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HITHERTO, the only objection to books as Christmas presents has been that the recipient may already possess "the chosen volume" or may not desire to possess it. That difficulty is removed by the new Book Tokens Scheme, managed by the National Book Council. If you want to give anyone a book, you go to a bookseller's and buy a token card, to which is then attached a stamp to the amount of your munificence. You then send the token to the beneficiary, who may choose any book to the value specified. Incidentally, you also escape the bother of doing up a parcel, and that plaguey doubt—to inscribe or not to inscribe. As with many great inventions, it seems delightfully simple and satisfactory to all concerned, and one is surprised that it was not thought of before.

We have it on good poetical authority that "the proper study of mankind is man," and, if that be true, it behoves us all to cultivate an interest in anthropology. Anyone conversant with such matters, receiving a book token worth fifteen shillings, would avoid specious and "colourful" titles, and would probably hasten to exchange the token for "THE FRAZER LECTURES," 1922-1932. By Divers Hands. Edited by Warren R. Dawson, F.R.S.E. With Frontispiece Portrait of Sir James Frazer, O.M., and other Illustrations (Macmillan; 15s.). Mr. Dawson, who has performed his editorial duties, as usual, with meticulous care, recalls that the Frazer Lectureship in Social Anthropology was established, in 1921, in honour of the veteran author of "The Golden Bough." The present volume contains the eleven annual discourses since delivered. Seven of these have previously appeared as pamphlets, but the other four are now published for the first time. Each lecture is by a famous scholar. For example, Sir Arthur Keith discusses the Aryan theory, and Sir Arthur Evans treats of early Greek religion in the light of discoveries in Crete.

Glancing through the list of subjects with a view to any possible allusions bearing on Christmas, from the point of view of comparative religion, I decided that the last-named lecture seemed the most likely source, and I was not disappointed. Describing a gold signet ring from a Bozolian tomb, showing "a scene of adoration of Mother Goddess and Child," Sir Arthur Evans writes: "Nothing can be more remarkable than the parallelism that this whole scene presents with the Adoration of the Magi.... The number of the adorants, two, instead of three, is itself consistent with early Christian iconography. The overhanging rock in the Minoan version (previously mentioned) connecting the birthplace with a cave or rock-shelter inevitably recalls the Grot of Bethlehem—nor can we forget its former association as recorded by St. Jerome. 'Bethlehem,' he says, 'regarding which the Psalmist sings "the truth is sprung out of the Earth,"' was erstwhile shaded by the Grove of Thammuz, that is, of Adonis, so that, where first Christ cried as a child, the paramour of Venus was once bewailed.'" Later, we read: "The youthful male personage who is coupled with the Minoan Goddess stood to her, according to the persistent tradition of Rhea and the Cretan Zeus, in a filial relation.... In the remarkable scene on the Thisbe signet, he appears as an infant, held upright on his Mother's knees, like the holy Babe of the later religion on the lap of the Theotokos, or the Madonna."

The science of anthropology is generally regarded as relating to primitive peoples, whether prehistoric races or backward tribes of to-day. In its wider sense as the study of man (including, of course, woman), I do not see why it should not comprise the whole of humanity, ancient and modern. Thus we might class as an anthropological work such a volume as "OUR MOTHERS." Edited by Alan Bott. Text by Irene Clephane. A Cavalcade in Pictures, Quotation, and Description of Late Victorian Women, 1870-1900 (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.). It is interesting to see from the sub-title that Mr. Noel Coward's great episodic drama seems to have inaugurated a new literary form, or at any rate has been accepted as sponsor to one already existing, but without a definition. There are, of course, some incidental allusions to the way in which our Victorian mothers celebrated Christmas and (to use one of the chapter-titles) the "Good Works and Sweet Charity" which they dispensed at the festive season. There is also an unexpected link with the ancient Cretan world, as discussed by Sir Arthur Evans, in connection with a phase of Victorian costume in a chapter entitled "Steel-Bound and Whalebone-Lined." Here we read: "That a woman should be prepared to suffer in order to be beautiful is not incomprehensible; but that she should put up with semi-strangulation of her vital organs in order to be fashionable would be past belief were it not demonstrable in the history of more than one century (and even in pre-history; witness the wasp-waists of the Minoan period)." If, as I hear

rumoured, there is to be a revival of wasp-waists, I should advise the prospective victims to study this passage before adopting the mode.

Mr. Alan Bott may be said to have beaten himself on his own ground by giving us a sequel to his previous "cavalcade"—"Our Fathers"—which is just as amusing as its predecessor. Here we have the Victorian woman in all her aspects as represented by the contemporary illustrator, for the book teems with old wood-cut drawings, presumably reproduced from back numbers of illustrated papers. Mr. Bott himself writes a brilliant preface on "The Girl of the Period," while Miss Clephane (who, he recalls, "had sifted hundreds of thousands of engravings to find the three hundred in 'Our Fathers'") supplies an introductory essay to each of the other sections. These chapters are written with great ability and compress into

(is it quite extinct?) in some Victorian philanthropy, but there was nothing of that sort at Toynbee Hall when I lived there for the best part of 1896. Mention of Toynbee, by the way, reminds me that it has just taken unto itself some new mural paintings to decorate its lecture hall.

Miss Clephane is happier in her account of the Victorian young woman's tentative efforts in games and pastimes. Concluding her admirable chapter on this subject, she writes: "The sport which set the seal on the average woman's freedom was bicycling. Women had not taken to the old penny-farthing, bone-shaking 'ordinary'; but the coming in the late 'eighties of the safety bicycle, with two equal wheels, opened up a whole new world to them. No longer need the penniless ones sit at home pining for horses to carry them to a longed-for tennis party, a swimming picnic, an archery match.... Clubs were formed and phalanxes of men and maidens—some of them mounted on the tandem, that famous 'bicycle made for two'—bowed away into the country lanes on Sunday mornings."

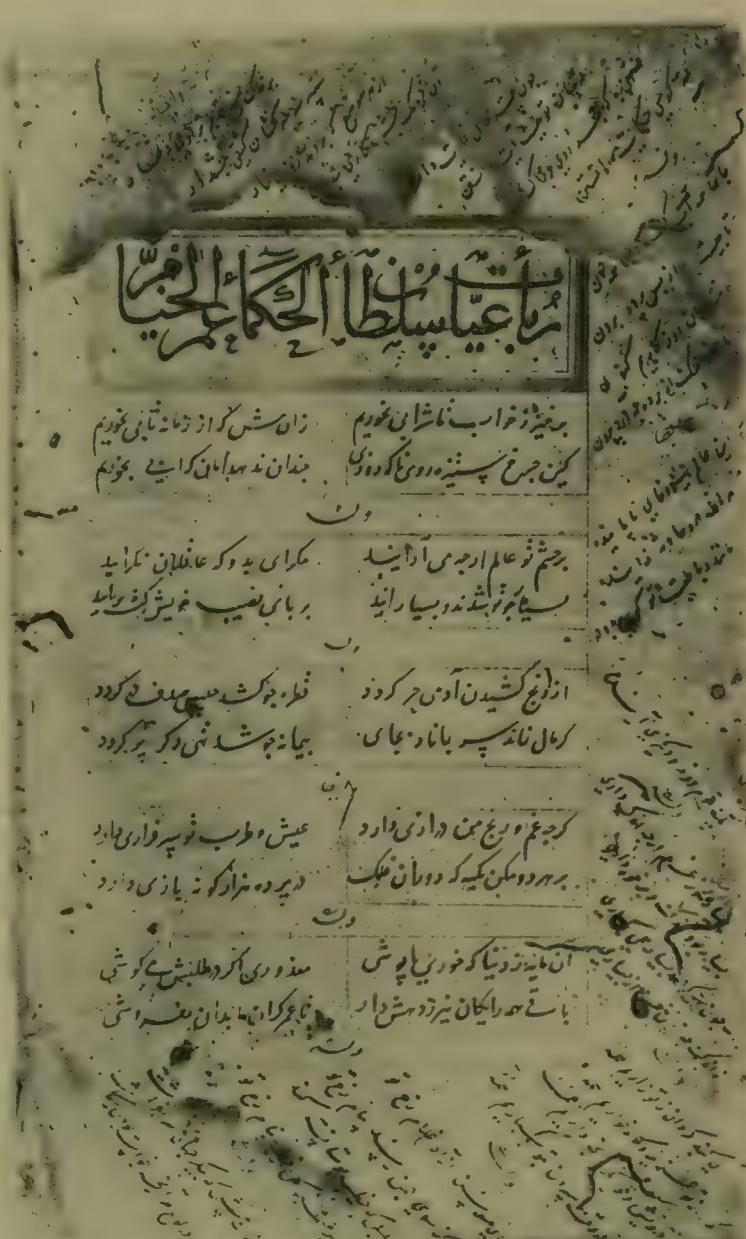
It is a bicycle made for one that plays Rosinante to an adventurous Victorian woman (not that I mean to imply she is a feminine counterpart of Don Quixote) who records her unique exploits in "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN." By I. G. Homewood. Introduction by G. K. Chesterton (Murray; 10s. 6d.). The author, now verging on ninety, was fifty when she took to "the wheel," and on it she traversed most of Europe. She has also visited parts of America, Egypt, Asia Minor, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Mr. Chesterton contrasts her unheralded achievement with the loud publicity surrounding the adventurous woman of to-day. He considers her record "much more remarkable, and even sensational, than any of those sensational newspaper stories of the feats of feminine pioneers..." and goes on to say: "Mrs. Homewood set out on an ordinary bicycle to ride round the world, with no more fuss than if she had been riding round the parish pump."

Mrs. Homewood tells her own story in a simple, matter-of-fact manner, and, although I generally favour brevity in reminiscences, I feel that, with her unusually extensive peregrinations, she might well have made it longer to the advantage of her readers. Her concluding epilogue affords evidence of amazing vitality. "I remained faithful to my bicycle," she writes, "till my eightieth year. Since then I have visited Jamaica and Tangier. Recently I joined conducted tours to Spain and Portugal.... If, during the thirty years I was cycling, I may not have established a record, for one of my age, as to mileage, I have the vanity to suppose that I have seen more of the world from the saddle of a bicycle than any other woman cyclist."

Woman's activities during the last decade, in other fields besides that of sport and physical pursuits, receive considerable attention in a notable book to which I briefly referred in a previous article—namely, "JUST THE OTHER DAY." An Informal History of Great Britain Since the War. By John Collier and Iain Lang. Illustrated (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). Being concerned, as a journalist, with "history in the making," I know too well that, in all the pageant of the past, the epoch on which it is most difficult to obtain light is that of "history just made." It is too near to be embodied in works of reference, and there is a limit to one's capacity for searching back files of newspapers. Accordingly, I welcome such a book as this, which records things we all remember, but somewhat vaguely for practical use. The more recent the history, the harder it is to write, owing to the difficulty of selection from vast masses of facts, and of preserving perspective and proportion. The authors give a vivid survey of leading events, social and political, rather than a compilation of laborious detail, and they have produced a singularly readable as well as informative book.

As an example of the way in which it refreshes one's memory, take the passage explaining the origin of that familiar phrase—"the Dole." "Immediately after the Armistice, an 'unemployment donation' of 29s. a week for men and 25s. a week for women had been instituted.... The newspapers had already discovered the description that was to apply permanently to all forms of unemployment pay: 'A Million People Receiving Dole,' said the headlines as early as April, 1919; and the name stuck when the donation became unemployment insurance, with a contributory basis, in November, 1920." Such was the beginning of the Dole, but who will venture to predict its end?

C. E. B.



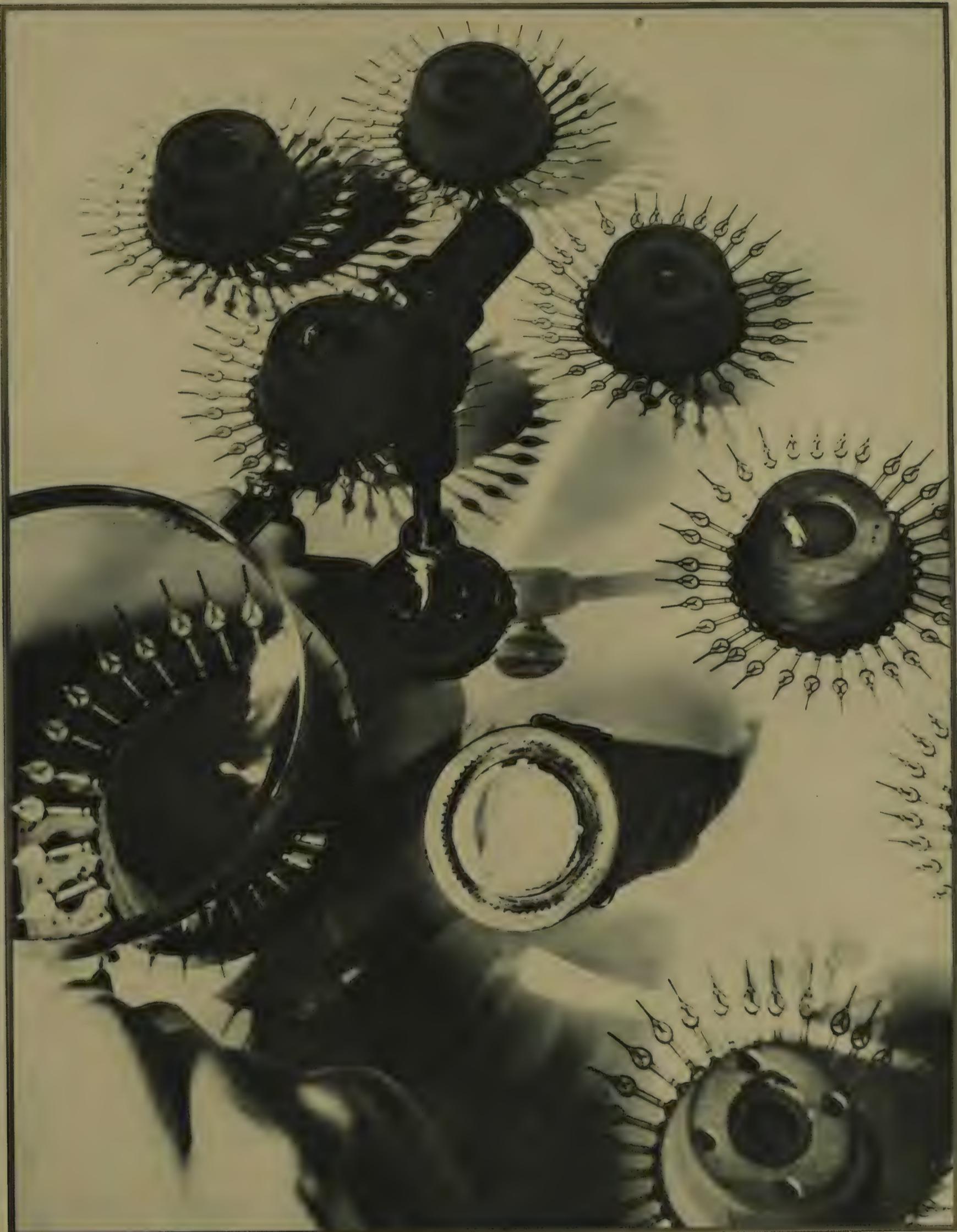
THE OLDEST MANUSCRIPT COPY OF THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR-I-KHAYYAM EVER DISCOVERED; DATING FROM 1423: THE FIRST PAGE.

In our issue of May 10, 1930, we published an article and photographs by Professor M. Mahfuz-ul Haq of an illuminated manuscript of the Rubaiyat of Omar-i-Khayyam which dated from 1505. A manuscript copy nearly a hundred years older has since then been discovered by Mr. Gouri Prasad Saksena, of Lucknow, to whom we are indebted for the following details concerning it. The manuscript measures 9½ by 5½ inches, and is enclosed in a beautiful black leather binding stamped in gold. It consists of several rare works, both in prose and poetry, of the great masters of Persia, including, under the grand title of "The King of Philosophers," the great Omar, "the Star of Naishapur." The entire manuscript was copied by one Qiwam-bin-Mohammad-al-Mazandrani in the year 1423 A.D. The scribe was apparently a good scholar himself, since he included in his collection one of his own works; and he is remarkable for the accuracy of his transcription, especially of the Rubaiyat. The quatrains are arranged in non-alphabetical order—a point of great significance which has been dealt with by Professor A. Christensen, of Copenhagen, in his "Critical Studies in the Rubaiyat." Of the 201 quatrains contained more than fifty are absolutely unknown, and this point is of no less importance than the date of the manuscript. It is the most valuable discovery yet made in the study of Omar's Rubaiyat.

a short space an excellent social picture of the time. On one subject with which I happen to be acquainted, however, that of University settlements in the East End (mentioned on page 178), I think the author conveys an incorrect impression of those institutions, both in regard to their spirit and purpose, and the reaction to them of the local population. It was these very settlements, and the men and women who ran them, that brought about the great improvement in social conditions. No doubt there was a certain element of snobbery and condescension

THE LUMINOUS WATCH-HAND: A MOST DELICATE OPERATION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS BOURKE-WHITE.



THAT THE TIME MAY BE SEEN IN THE DARK: FLECKING WATCH-HANDS WITH LUMINOUS ENAMEL PAINT—
AIDED BY A MAGNIFYING-GLASS FIXED TO A STAND.

The watch-hand—and the clock-hand—that glows in the dark is so much a commonplace of modern horology that our photograph calls for little comment, unusually striking as it is pictorially. In connection with it, however, it is interesting to quote two notes from "Fortune," a journal published in New York, in an article on the Elgin Watch Company. The first is: "America remains . . . not only the largest producer of timepieces in the world, but by far the largest

buyer. In addition to absorbing 95 per cent. of its own manufactures, it buys more foreign-made watches than any other nation." The second is: "In a motor-car selling for 3000 dollars, the factory labour cost may be as low as 180 dollars. In a watch retailing at 100 dollars and selling, at the factory, at 50 dollars, there will be 42 dollars of factory labour cost. An automobile frame can be, and is, automatically assembled. The watch remains . . . a human product."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE CYCLAMEN, OR "SOWBREAD."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "*Camouflage in Nature*," "*The Courtship of Animals*," "*Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields*," etc.

I have just returned from a most restful week-end in the country, where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." It seemed hardly possible that we were at the end of the first week in December, for the sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and the gardens, though shorn of their glory of colour, yet displayed bright patches of berries of various kinds and a few violets here and there under the trees; while the miniature torrent in the water-garden made pleasant music. But at last I drifted round to the greenhouses, which have an irresistible attraction for me. And here I found genial warmth and glowing masses of colour, such as my hostess revels in. The head gardener was justly proud of his cyclamens, and together we spent a very pleasant time in comparing curious and rather surprising differences which these flowers presented in the form of the anthers.

Before I touch upon these, however, there are one or two other points concerning these really remarkable flowers that I fancy generally escape even those who cultivate them for their splendours. In the first place, though we can all distinguish the cyclamen at sight, owing to the characteristic shape of its blooms, I do venture to doubt whether one person in a hundred has even paused to ask what it is that makes this flower so different from all others. Nor do I believe that any, save botanists, realise that the cyclamen, the primrose, the loose-strife, and the pimpernel, for example, are all near relations. Indeed, these flowers seem about as unlike as can be. Yet, make the throat of the primrose turn earthwards instead of heavenwards, then bend its petals upwards, and you will have a cyclamen in miniature! All that we can say of this at the moment is that it is a very "curious feature" of the plant. For no one has yet, as far as I know, ventured to suggest how or by what agencies this strange shape came about. Nevertheless, there must be an explanation.

We grow flowers more for the sake of the joy their colours give us than for the sake of their forms, though these are by no means left out of account. Yet, in so far as the shape and component parts of flowers are concerned, we are content with the "general effect" they present. Rarely, indeed, are the details examined; yet they disclose an infinite and almost bewildering variety. Let us take the cyclamen as a case in point. The coloured petals have fused at their bases to form a deep cup, which is turned downwards, while the free petals turn upwards to form a sort of "biretta." Within that cup will be found the stamens and stigma, as usual, but yet with a difference.

I have never had an opportunity of examining all the known varieties of the cyclamen grown by gardeners. But I found the other day a very surprising difference in the anthers of the red and white cyclamen. In both, the anthers agreed in that they were sessile and clustered closely round the base of the stigma at the bottom of the cup; that is to say, they were not borne on the long slender stalk we call the "stamen." But in the white flower, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph, the anthers take the form of five roughly heart-shaped bodies whose surfaces are studded with minute beads, which, seen with a lens, suggest dewdrops. I surmise that they will be found to be nectaries which exude nectar for their insect visitors.

In very striking contrast with these stand the stamens of the red flowers. Here also they are clustered closely together to form a cone around the slender style of the pistil. But instead of being flattened out they are vertically extended, and have a deeply grooved or fluted surface. And in this they agree with our wild cyclamen. What agency can have brought about the striking modification of the original and typical form into the anthers of the white flower? Even if the white and red flowering plants are to be traced back to different foundation stocks or ancestors, this question has still to be answered.

When these anthers are examined under a magnifying glass, they reveal yet another peculiarity. They are found to be hollow receptacles and open at their tips; at least, when the pollen they contain is ripe. Its release is effected by insects in search of the nectar to be found at the bottom of the cup. The inner wall of each anther is produced into a spike or "hair-trigger," so that when the head of the hungry insect is thrust into the throat of the flower, it presses against the spike and forces out pollen on to its head, which is carried away and deposited in the stigma of the next flower visited, where, if it be in a receptive state, it brings about the fertilisation of the "ovules," which then develop into seeds.

There is yet another singular thing about the flower of the cyclamen and its relation to fertilisation. The anthers, it will be noted, form a cone fitting closely round the stigma, and this arrangement

is especially conspicuous in the red flower. It is characteristic of "pendent" flowers—those which hang downwards—and it is an arrangement which seems to have come about as if in order to enable self-fertilisation to take place. That is to say, the flowers are fertilised by their own pollen. At first sight this seems an incredible state of affairs. Yet, since it is widespread among flowers, it cannot be wholly evil. It is, as a matter of fact, to be regarded as a "second string to the bow." Fertilisation there must be at all costs; and where "autogamy" takes place, it will be found that provision is always made for cross-fertilisation.



1. THE ORIGINAL AND TYPICAL FORM OF THE ANTERS, AS SEEN IN THE RED CYCLAMEN: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE STIGMA (A) WHICH CAN BE QUITE EASILY SEEN BETWEEN THE TWO ANTERS ON THE LEFT, AS A WHITE ROD.



2. THE WHITE CYCLAMEN: A FLOWER WHICH EXHIBITS A STRIKING MODIFICATION OF THE ORIGINAL AND TYPICAL FORM OF THE ANTERS (SEEN IN FIG. 1) INTO THE FLATTENED, HEART-SHAPED OBJECTS SEEN HERE, CLUSTERED ROUND THE STIGMA (A), AND ALMOST CONCEALING IT.

The surface of the anthers is studded with small "beads," which are probably nectaries, exuding nectar for their insect visitors.



3. A SECTION OF THE RED CYCLAMEN FLOWER: THE STIGMA (A), AND ONE OF THE ANTERS (B) ON THE LEFT; AND, BEHIND THE STIGMA, THE OVARY WITH THE OVULES LOOKING LIKE THE HEADS OF PINS IN A PIN-CUSHION.

The flower is here seen with its mouth uppermost. The cyclamen actually grows with the mouth of the flower downwards. The anthers, it will be noted, form a cone fitting closely round the stigma. This is an arrangement typical of "pendent" flowers, and one which seems to have come about as if in order to enable self-fertilisation to take place—the flowers being fertilised by their own pollen.

In the cyclamen, as in the snowdrop, the anthers ripen first. And as all the flowers in a given area mature at different times—some earlier than others—the pollen is sure to find its way to some other flowers with a ripe stigma. But it may be, perhaps because of inclement weather, there are no insect visitors. In this case, stigmas that have not received pollen deposited by insects will be fertilised by their own anthers, which still continue to produce pollen, and thus some seed, at any rate, will be "set."

There is so much to be said of the many and singular ways of securing "autogamy" that this theme must be reserved for another occasion. And this because there are yet other things to be said concerning the cyclamen before I close. The ripening of the fruit is one of these. In our wild cyclamen, the "fruit-stalk" undergoes spiral torsion and contraction, so that the still unripe seeds are drawn underground in the late autumn. They pass the winter in the earth, and do not attain to maturity till the following summer. The desiccation of the twisted stalk then has the effect of pulling the seed-capsules out of the ground, leaving a part of the stalk to form a sort of claw surmounting the capsule. This, lying loose in the ground, adheres to the foot of any animal which treads on it, thus dispersing the seeds. But there is yet another agency to aid in this dispersal, for ants are known to drag these seeds down into their burrows, and here, doubtless, some at least germinate.

Finally, a word as to scent. The fragrance of the cyclamen flower is more apparent to some admirers of this flower than to others. It belongs to the group of what are known as "benzaloid" scents. The scent of the hyacinth, pinks, meadow-sweet, and lilac, for example, are of this group.

HOW THE NEW RAND GOLD REEF WAS FOUND: MAGNETIC METHODS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE AID OF THE STAFF OF THE GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, LONDON, AND BY COURTESY OF THE ASKANIA-WERKE A.G. OF BERLIN.



GOLD-FINDING BY MAGNETISM: INSTRUMENTS THAT REVEAL UNDERGROUND MAGNETIC MASSES POSSIBLY AURIFEROUS.

The very important discovery of a continuation to the Main Reef of the Rand gold-fields was made by a German geologist, Dr. R. Krahmann, by means of the "magnetic field balance." The above illustrations are consequently of great interest in this connection. The magnetic field balance, invented by a German scientist, is an instrument that detects hidden magnetic bodies underground without all the labour of boring and digging. The operation is governed by the movement of a magnet within the vertical instrument, which dips more and more as it comes over the centre of the hidden magnetic mass, and, as the movement is infinitesimal, it is enlarged by a mirror fixed to the magnet, so that it can be read on a scale. The surveyor working "in the field" has to be assisted by another man working with a fixed instrument, and noting on his field balances

the variations in terrestrial magnetism. The two men arrange beforehand to take readings at exactly the same time. Readings have also to be taken with the vertical field balance for magnetic variation, and the resultant figures made into a graph (as shown in No. 6). The investigators can then guess roughly the shape of the hidden mass. By intricate calculations they produce graphs to match that made from the instrument readings. Sooner or later one is found to correspond, and then they can tell the position of the hidden mass, and roughly its depth and size. It only remains to bore and dig for samples of its constituents. Geologists know that, although gold does not itself attract the magnet, it is found in company with certain magnetic rocks, and the field balances locate this magnetic mass which may contain the precious metal.

G. H. DAVIS
1932

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

WALT DISNEY'S COLOUR FILMS.

MR. WALT DISNEY is not a man to rest on his laurels. Even the fact that his Mickey Mouse has achieved world-wide fame, and still remains far superior in invention, humour, and artistry to his rivals in the cartoon world, has not lulled him into the satisfaction which puts an end to pioneering. Mr. Disney, indeed, is one of the screen's greatest pioneers, as well as a genius expressing himself in a medium belonging inalienably to the kinema. Wherefore, the preliminary news of his experiments in colour, though it may have alarmed Mickey's hosts of "fans," merely emphasised the spirit of exploration, of keeping abreast with the times, of using to the full the screen's potentialities which invests Mr. Disney's work with its irresistible liveliness and charm. All the same, the possibility of our friend Mickey "going all-colour" seemed in its way an upheaval as great as the advent of sound. The mass mind, once it has been caught, will not lightly suffer any change in the insignia of its favourites, and Mickey's black and white takes its place with Chaplin's boots and bowler hat, Harold Lloyd's spectacles, or Chevalier's straw "boater." Mr. Disney himself may have decided that to tamper with his own creation, in so far as it concerns the Mickey legend, would be an attempt to gild the lily; or is Mr. Disney introducing the thin end of the wedge by applying colour to a couple of his "Silly Symphonies" which will be generally shown during the Christmas season? At any rate, these are the first to reach us in technicolour, and they are so enchanting that Mickey's future aspect may be left with complete confidence in the hands of his sponsor.

Hitherto Mr. Disney's "Symphonies" have been gems of pattern and line. Their fluent black and white filled the screen with delightful compositions, but left them remote, perhaps a little too inhuman, or so it would seem to us now that, by a stroke of genius, colour has added to their glamour and warmly reinforced their appeal. Fortunate in his material, Mr. Disney has been able to avoid the technical difficulties encountered in the colour reproduction of nature and actuality. The primary colours lend themselves admirably to his chromatic schemes, and in his self-created world he is at liberty to choose and blend his tints. Pleasing himself and his camera, his colours are washed in with a cleanliness and a simplicity that has all the engaging *naïveté* of a very talented child's painting-book. The offspring of his fantasy have borrowed from his palette a very charming, youthful vivacity. "Birds and Trees" is an early-morning idyll in the forest. The young trees stretch their limbs and shake out their green tresses. The daisies do their "daily dozen" and wash their pretty faces. The redbreasts carol in chorus, conducted by a gentle old professor-tree. Two slim young trees go a-courtin', and to see the daisies dance round the prospective bride, with first a glimpse of green backs and then a flash of starry faces as they turn and weave to the rhythm of the music, is a sheer delight. There must, of course, be a villain in this pastoral paradise, and Mr. Disney finds him in a blighted tree, whose tongue is a green lizard, whose riven trunk shelters unkindly crows and baleful bats. In a jealous rage he sets fire to the forest, sending the little wicked red flames scurrying through the glades, licking up the branches, frightening the birds into headlong action. Their downward plunge pierces a nice fat cloud and releases the welcome rain. Peace is restored, the professor taps his bâton, the choir pipes up, and the lily-bells ring for a wedding.

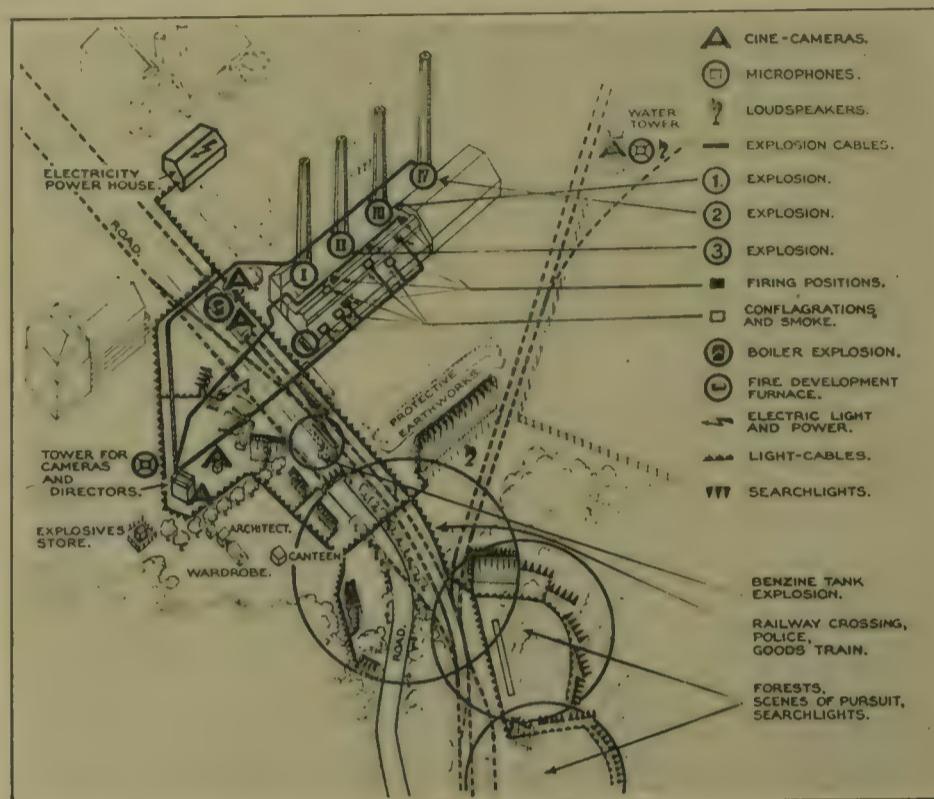
"King Neptune" is a more robustious affair, culminating in terrific battle. For the jovial monarch, a mighty vocalist, and immensely pleased with the pageantry of his court, his prancing sea-horses, his nimbus of green and red-gold fish, his mischievous mermaids, is disturbed in his merry-making when a crew of scoundrelly buccaneers lands a venturesome mermaid on the deck of their highly

picturesque galleon. The alarm is sounded, and the legions of the ocean rush to the rescue. There ensues one of those travesties of modern warfare, complete with flying-fish planes taking off from a whale's back, of which Mr. Disney is postmaster.

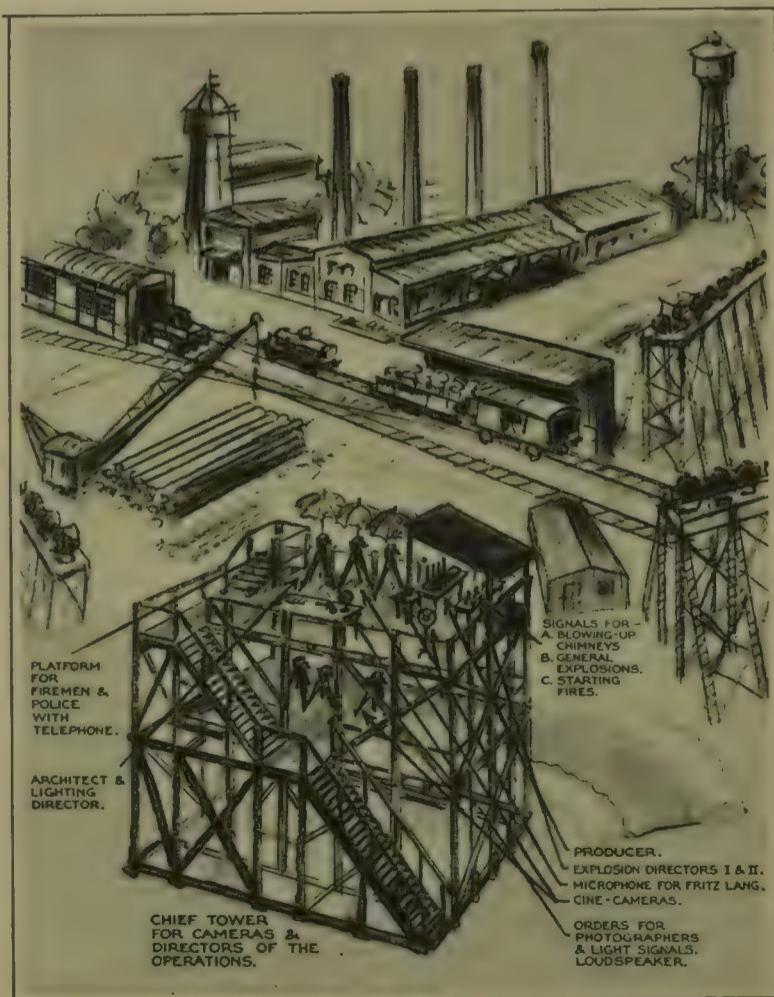
Neptune, ridding himself at last of the anchor-chain in which he has been entangled, rises to the surface in a royal rage. He blows up a great storm, churns the sea into a seething cauldron, bellowing the while with glee, until the stout ship, buffeted by foaming fists, tossing helplessly in an indigo whirlpool, sinks to the bottom to provide a new throne for Neptune and a loot of precious jewels for his maidens.

Mr. Disney has brought to the screen the perfect modern fairy-tale. He sees the multiple ingredients of his medium as a whole. Music and action are so closely interwoven as to merge their separate humour in one piece. His amazingly fertile imagination responds to a rhythm that is never interrupted, though it embraces the suave beauty of movement, as in the mermaids' dance, and the comic invention of mimic battle. Colour has slipped into the unity of his vision so discreetly, so true in touch, and so limpid in quality that the human undercurrent, never absent from folklore at its best, has gained immeasurably and the fantastic acquires an edge of poetry.

"TROUBLE IN PARADISE."



NOT A PLAN FOR AN ASSAULT ON A TRENCH SYSTEM, BUT A DIAGRAM OF THE DEVICES USED IN THE FILMING OF THE "TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE," DURING THE MAKING OF WHICH AN ENTIRE FACTORY (AT SPANDAU) WAS BURNT AND CHIMNEYS WERE THROWN DOWN BY EXPLOSIONS: FLOOD-LIGHTS, LOUD-SPEAKERS, AND VARIOUS DIFFERENT TYPES OF CONFLAGRATIONS INDICATED BY SIGNS EXPLAINED ON THE RIGHT.



THE CONTROL TOWER OF THE ORDERLY INFERNO CREATED FOR THE FILMING OF THE "TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE": A SKETCH SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE PLATFORM FOR PRODUCER AND CAMERAMEN, AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE FACTORY WHICH WAS BURNT DOWN FOR THE FILM.

caught up in its revolutions around the pivot, that provide our excellent entertainment. It is the ease, the smooth mechanism that keeps the wheel bowling along—with one or two little halts on the way, it is true—to which we pay the tribute of laughter and admiration. Take, for instance, the meeting of Gaston and Lili, members of the light-fingered profession both, but entering into romantic adventure with the flags of borrowed nobility bravely flying. Their decorous approach might be the preliminary skirmish of the Baron and the Comtesse they appear to be, until they find themselves picking each other's pockets and joyfully recognise their kinship. Crooks and the grand manner? Why not? Beneath their windows a gondolier is singing at his job like an undiscovered Caruso—yet he is only a Venetian dustman filling his garbage-boat! Romance covers a multitude of rubbish, says Mr. Lubitsch with his tongue in his cheek. And thus, throughout the picture, the action is given a whimsical twist, propelled along a polished surface by Mr. Lubitsch's masterly *aplomb* and resourcefulness. Gaston's duel of wits with the widow whose charms finally conquer him, Lili's growing jealousy and sudden rebellion which precipitates the flight of the adventurers, are cleverly pricked out with a sparkling trimming, albeit the director is inclined to "finesse" too much with some of his cards, and the incursions of a secondary plot with a pair of elderly applicants for the wealthy widow's hand has its laborious moments. But, taken as a whole, the picture, with its fine settings, its veneer of audacity, its amusing musical commentary and excellent interpretation, is a nimble, graceful piece of work. Mr. Herbert Marshall brings to his portrayal of Gaston a lightness of touch, a cool and charming assurance, that keep the whole comedy on the plane of persiflage where it belongs. Miss Kay Francis, brunette and graceful, Miss Miriam Hopkins, blonde and quick-witted, follow the advice of a brilliant French conversationalist: "*Gissez—n'insister pas,*" and glide with delightful humour over the hills and dales of adventure. Mr. Aubrey Smith, a dignified chairman whose own bit of quiet crookery is discovered by the professional thief, Mr. Edward Horton and Mr. Charlie Ruggles, doing their characteristic best with rather slender material as the two touchy suitors, neatly fill in the corners of the story.

BURNING A REAL FACTORY FOR A FILM: FIRE AND EXPLOSION FOR "THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE."



THE FACTORY, NEAR SPANDAU, WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY A FILM COMPANY AND BURNT FOR "THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CHIMNEYS THAT WERE BLOWN DOWN.



IN THE EARLIER STAGES OF THE DELIBERATE BURNING DOWN OF THE FACTORY BY THE FILM COMPANY: THE FIRE BREAKS OUT AND LEADS TO THE EXPLOSIONS.



A SCENE FROM "THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE": DR. MABUSE (RUDOLF KLEIN-ROGGE) IS HELD UP BY THE POLICE, WHO HAVE SURROUNDED THE BURNING FACTORY.



THE FIRE GETS UNDER WAY: THE FIRE BRIGADE RUNNING OUT A HOSE UNDER THE LIGHT OF ROWS OF FLOOD-LIGHTS NEEDED FOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY NIGHT.



THE BERLIN FIRE BRIGADE, WHICH ACTUALLY TOOK PART IN THE FILM, AT WORK DURING THE PRODUCTION: A SCENE IN THE BLAZING FACTORY.

WE illustrate here a most ambitious example of modern film-making—the production of "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse," a multilingual "movie" made by Fritz Lang, of "Metropolis" and other fame. The most important scene in "Dr. Mabuse," and the one that taxed the ingenuity of the producers most heavily, was that in which a big factory is destroyed by fire, involving a series of explosions. For this purpose the Nero Film Company bought a factory—not a very difficult thing to do in Germany now—in the neighbourhood of Berlin; a structure with four chimneys, each sixty metres high. As it was impossible to repeat the explosion and the fire scene, the most careful preparations and calculations had to be made, and the scene had to be "shot" by fourteen camera-men. The direction of the wind had to be taken into account, as the smoke would have ruined all the "shots," but the most difficult thing of all, apparently, was the problem of gauging the effects of the explosions—the amount of destructive force that would be exerted and the direction in which the chimneys would collapse. The rule was "safety first" for the crowd of people employed and for the Berlin Fire Brigade, who actually took part.



SHOWING THE VERY EFFECTIVE RESULT OF THE "STAGED" EXPLOSIONS: THE LAST OF THE FOUR CHIMNEYS LEFT STANDING—SEEN THROUGH A SHATTERED WALL.



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH": TWO DERELICT MAORI CANOES (SINCE REPLACED ON THE LAKE BY MOTOR-BOATS) USED AS RECEPTACLES FOR FOODSTUFFS DURING PREPARATIONS FOR A FEAST.

THE MODERNITY OF THE MAORI: EUROPEAN DRESS AT A NATIVE CEREMONY.



MAORI WOMEN MORE OR LESS WESTERNISED IN DRESS, BUT RETAINING THEIR NATIVE TASTE FOR STARTLING PATTERNS: THE OPEN-AIR KITCHEN STAFF DANCING AND INVOKING A NATIVE DEITY TO AID DIGESTION AT THE FEAST.



THE MAORI METHOD OF SPREADING A BANQUET ON THE GROUND ACCCOMPANIED BY THE PREVALENCE OF EUROPEAN DRESS: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE MEMORIAL (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AND FLAGSTAFF (RIGHT) UNVEILED IN HONOUR OF THREE FAMOUS CHIEFS IN NEW ZEALAND.



COATS AND TROUSERS, WITH BOWLERS OR SOFT HATS, NOW THE GENERAL WEAR FOR MEN AMONG THE MAORIS NEAR ROTORUA: THE BANQUET IN PROGRESS AFTER THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

The Maoris of New Zealand, to judge by these photographs, appear to have become almost entirely Europeanised in costume, although some of the women, it will be noted, retain a predilection for pronounced patterns. The men, on the other hand, show no trace of their old-time garb, and have been completely converted to coat and trousers, or occasionally shorts, with the usual accessories of collar and tie and a soft hat or bowler. The general effect, as shown in the centre and lower left illustrations, looks rather incongruous with the native custom of spreading a banquet on the ground. The occasion illustrated was the unveiling of a memorial to three famous chiefs—Otomi Tikitere, a warrior of the early days, who died about twenty-two years ago, and his two sons, Ngawhika Otimi and Tamihana Tikitere. The ceremony took place at Te Ruamata, Te Ngae, about six miles from Rotorua, and was attended by about 400 natives from various districts,



YOUNG MAORI WOMEN WHO HAVE LOST SOMETHING OF OLD-TIME PICTURESQUENESS BY ADOPTING WESTERN ATTIRE: A GROUP BESIDE A HUGE PILE OF MEAT PREPARED FOR THE BANQUET.

including representatives of the oldest Maori families. The memorial was a column of solid totara, carved by an old native craftsman, and set on a concrete pedestal with steps. It stands close to a meeting-house in a beautiful situation beside Lake Rotorua. There was also unveiled a carved flagstaff (partly seen on the right in the large central photograph) as a tribal contribution in honour of the departed chiefs. The proceedings began with the singing of a hymn, and addresses were given by representatives of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches and the Ratana movement. Afterwards came the feasting.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DEATH OF A GREAT DRAMATIST: M. EUGÈNE BRIEUX.
M. Eugène Brieux died at Nice on December 6, at the age of seventy-four. He wrote a very great number of plays, all of them with some moral object in view, for he openly regarded the drama as a means of social reform. He was elected to the French Academy in 1909.



A NEW MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY: M. GEORGES LENÔTRE.

M. Georges Lenôtre, who writes under that name instead of his real one, Théodore Gosselin, has had a long and distinguished career as a historical writer, and has now been rewarded by election to the Immortals. His writings have centred mainly round the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era.



MR. CHU CHAO-HSIN.
Chinese diplomat. Died December 11; aged fifty-two. His death was at first attributed to snake-poisoning after eating snake at a dinner, but a post-mortem examination revealed the cause as heart failure.



PROFESSOR G. ELLIOT SMITH.

Elected Fullerian Professor of Physiology of the Royal Institution in succession to Professor J. B. S. Haldane. A great exponent of the diffusionist theory of culture. Has often contributed to "The Illustrated London News."



MR. J. ARTHUR MEALE.

Organist and director of music at the Central Hall, Westminster, since it was opened twenty years ago. Died December 8; aged fifty-one. Composed much religious and secular music for the organ, and directed popular concerts.



MR. BILL EAST.

King's Bargemaster for over twenty years. Died December 10; aged sixty-eight. Had piloted Cambridge University Boat Race crews since 1883. Won the Doggett's Coat and Badge race in 1887, and the sculling championship of England in 1891. A great coach and trainer.



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE:
THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK ARRIVING AT HARWICH.

The King and Queen of Denmark arrived in London on December 10, and were welcomed at Liverpool Street Station by their Majesties and the Prince of Wales. King Christian and Queen Alexandrine had travelled from Esbjerg to Harwich on the motor-vessel "England." It was arranged that they should remain in London for about a week, and on Thursday evening should be the chief guests at a dinner party given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.



FIFTY YEARS DRAMATIC CRITICISM HONOURED BY THE CRITICS' CIRCLE: MR. J. T. GREIN (LEFT); AND MR. CHARLES MORGAN, THE PRESIDENT.

On December 9 Mr. J. T. Grein, the distinguished dramatic critic of "The Illustrated London News" and "The Sketch," was honoured at a dinner given by the Critics' Circle at the Waldorf Hotel to celebrate his seventieth birthday and the fiftieth year of his career as a dramatic critic. Mr. Grein was associated with the "Sunday Times" for twenty-seven years and is now to return to its staff. He came to London from Holland at the age of twenty-two, and founded the original society of dramatic critics nearly twenty-five years ago.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ELDEST DAUGHTER AT ST. MARGARET'S: MISS DIANA CHURCHILL AND HER FATHER.

Miss Diana Churchill was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on December 12 to Mr. John Milner Bailey, eldest son of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African millionaire. Enthusiastic crowds broke through the police cordon to cheer the bride and bridegroom as they left. The reception was held at the Duke of Marlborough's house at Carlton House Terrace.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE DEPRESSION IN THE U.S.A.: "HUNGER MARCHERS" FROM NEW ENGLAND, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA JOINING AT PHILADELPHIA ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON. The depression in the United States has resulted in an appalling total of unemployed; and here are seen members of a "national hunger march" on their way to lay before Congress demands for immediate unemployment relief. It is interesting to note the words on the banners. One says "No wage-cuts! No 'share-the-work' schemes"; and another demands "Free gas, coal and electricity." Another says "No promises—we demand immediate relief."



THE DEPRESSION IN FRANCE: UNEMPLOYED PROCEEDING TO THE PLAINE SAINT-DENIS WHILE A DEPUTATION WAS SENT TO THE PALAIS BOURBON. Although France suffers less from the burden of unemployment than almost any other country, the number of men out of work has been on the increase during recent months. Unemployed from the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, and Seine-et-Marne departments recently took the opportunity of a debate on unemployment at the Chamber of Deputies to send a delegation to the Palais Bourbon. Simultaneously, marchers demanded "du travail ou du pain."



THE PROPOSED REBUILDING OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE AS A CENTRE FOR OFFICES, FLATS, AND HOTELS: THE DESIGN BY SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A., WHICH HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE ROYAL FINE ART COMMISSION AND WAS PLANNED TO PRESERVE A DIGNIFIED RESIDENTIAL CHARACTER.

Consternation was caused among certain London-lovers rather more than two months ago when it became known that No. 4, Carlton Gardens was to be demolished and its place taken by a seven-storeyed office building. Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., the architect for this structure and for those that will follow it, told in the "Times" the other day how he had been instructed by the Crown to prepare a plan for the rebuilding of the whole of Carlton House Terrace, with

a view to the site becoming a centre for offices, flats, hotels, and so on. In explaining the general position, he stated that the dignified residential character of the Terrace would be preserved in the façades, although, for economic reasons, tenants would be allowed to build to the full height permissible under the London County Council regulations. His design (here reproduced) was approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission as far back as last July.



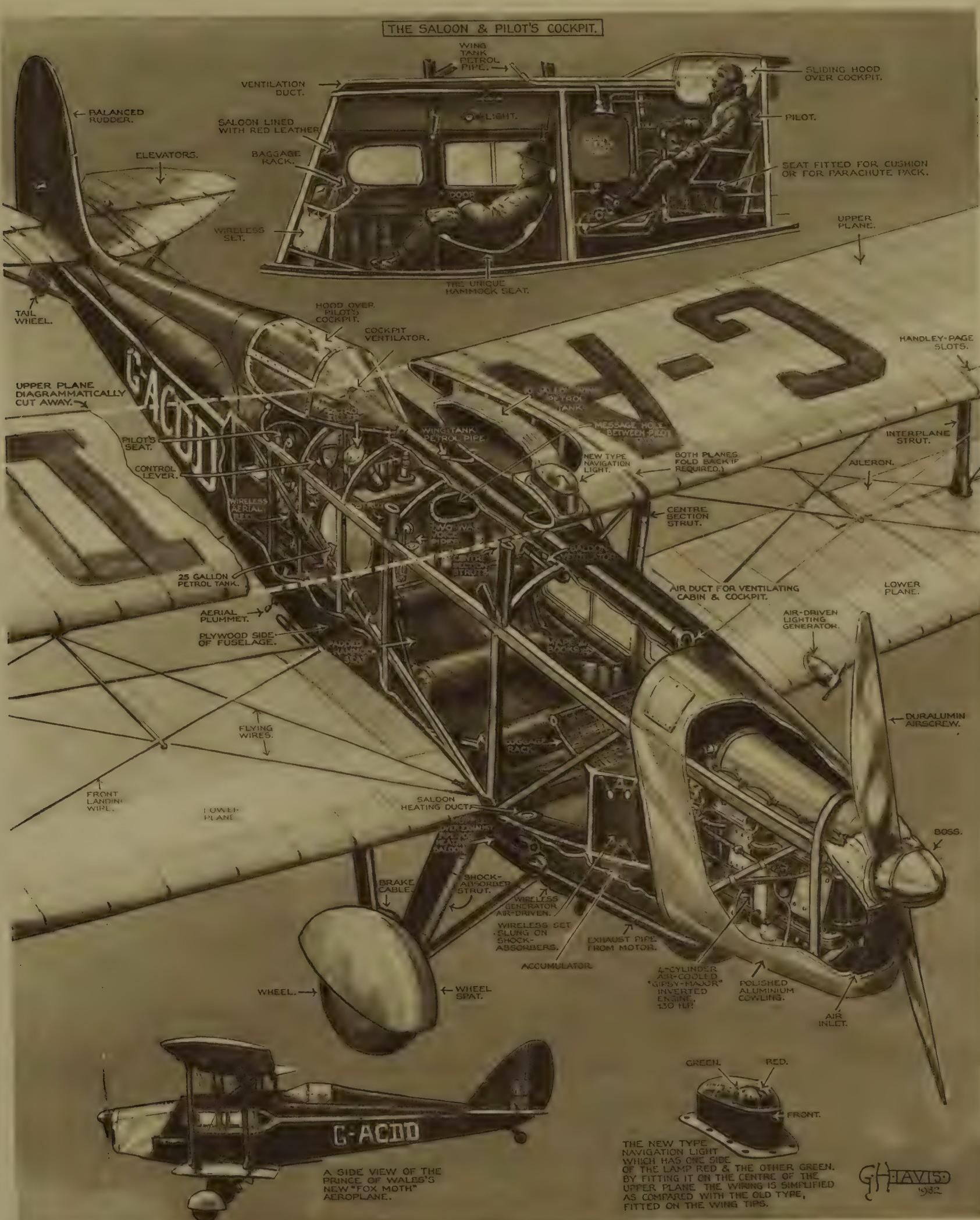
CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE AS IT IS—THE CORNER ADJOINING THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS: REGENCY ARCHITECTURE FROM DESIGNS BY NASH AND PENNETHORNE. Carlton House Terrace was built in 1827-29 from designs by Nash and Pennethorne. Its buildings, Sir Reginald Blomfield points out, were "exactly suited to the social conditions of the time, to the days of great receptions, a lordly aristocracy, and obedient servants"; but "buildings of this character are wholly unsuitable under modern conditions and for structural reasons it was found impossible to convert them."



THE NEW FIELD KIT ISSUED: THE MUCH-DISCUSSED SERVICE UNIFORM—with "DEERSTALKER" CAP, "OPEN-NECK," AND LIGHTER EQUIPMENT—ON PARADE. Experimental issues have been made of the proposed new field uniform for the British Army. As we noted when illustrating it as worn by a single infantryman for demonstration purposes, it is designed to give the soldier greater freedom when on campaign, and also to lighten his load. At present, the equipment weighs 56 lb. The new equipment turns the scale at 10 lb. less. Puttees are worn; but short web leggings may take the place of these.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS AIRCRAFT-OWNER: ADDING TO HIS "STABLE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE DE HAVILLAND AIRCRAFT CO. LTD.



THE PRINCE'S NEW "FOX MOTH" CABIN AEROPLANE, WITH "GIPSY MAJOR" ENGINE: STRUCTURAL DETAILS IN DIAGRAM.

The Prince of Wales, now one of the largest British owners of private aircraft, has just added to his "stable" a De Havilland Fox Moth aeroplane (a sister model to this year's King's Cup race winner), and also has on order a large Vickers Vistra air-liner. The Puss Moth which he has used continuously for two years has now been sold, but he still owns in addition two Gipsy Moths. Our drawing shows technical details and accommodation of his new Fox Moth, adapted to his requirements, with many novel and interesting features. It is painted in the Prince's usual colours—red and blue of the Guards Aeroplane Club. The roomy cabin, lined in red leather, has been altered to take only two persons. It has a well-padded leather seat, slung like a deck-chair, and two doors. Against the forward bulkhead is a luggage rack and, below, a wireless set deriving power from a wind-driven generator operated by the pilot. The engine is a four-cylinder air-cooled 130-h.p. "Gipsy Major," as used by

Mrs. Mollison, driving a metal air-screw. Power for electric light is supplied by a generator let into the edge of a wing. On top of the centre section is the latest type navigation light. Another new feature is an air-duct, controlled by the passenger, for supplying fresh air to the saloon. There is a message hole between pilot's cockpit and saloon, with a two-way speaking-tube. For heating the cabin, a vent in the floor is connected to a muffle over the exhaust pipe. Another special feature is metal streamlined "spats" over the landing-wheels, whose brakes are ingeniously controlled by the rudder-bar for ground manoeuvring. For increasing the aeroplane's range, an extra ten-gallon petrol tank is fitted in the top wing in addition to the 25-gallon main tank inside the fuselage. A tail landing-wheel is provided in place of the ordinary type skid. The span of the wings (fitted with safety slots) is 30 ft. 10 inches. The length of the machine is 26 feet.

THE "NAUGHTY 'NINETIES" IN "LA MAISON DE MOLIÈRE": DANCERS OF THE "HALLS" ON CLASSIC GROUND.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT.



THE "CANCAN" REVIVED BY MOULIN ROUGE GIRLS IN THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE—AND WATCHED BY MOLIÈRE CHARACTERS: A PARIS SPECTACLE IN AID OF CHARITY.

After the lapse of two centuries, a Ball has been given at the "Comédie-Française," in Paris. The last time was under the French Regency; but on the recent occasion M. Lebrun, President of the Republic, and Mme. Lebrun smiled benignly on the festivities from the Presidential box. The Ball was organized to raise funds for a theatrical charity—the Maison de Retraite de Pont-aux-Dames—which provides homes for members of the theatrical profession in distressed circumstances. During the evening an entertainment in the most ambitious style was staged, giving the audience the opportunity of seeing many old friends in familiar rôles. The ballet

of "Castor et Pollux" was danced by the corps de ballet de l'Opéra; the famous aria from "Thaïs" was sung by Mlle. Yvonne Gall; while André Baugé and Victor Boucher gave an amusing rendering of the duet from "Richard Cœur-de-Lion." But the pivot of the whole programme was the procession of "Characters from Molière" and the procession of the "Famous Lovers." One by one all Molière's works, from "L'Étourdi" and "Le Dépit Amoureux" to the "Malade Imaginaire," were personified by members of "la troupe de la Comédie." M. Albert Lambert and Mme. Cécile Sorel appeared as Alceste and Célimène, and M. Denis d'Inès as Harpagon, to

mention but three great names. The "Famous Lovers" then made their appearance. There were some of the most famous couples, from Adam and Eve onwards, whose history and legend and literature have handed down to us: Helen and Paris, Hercules and Omphale, Samson and Delilah, Don Quixote and Dulcinea, Charlotte and Werther, George Sand and Musset, and many others. The most sensational "act" was probably the appearance of the Moulin Rouge dancers, dancing the never-to-be-forgotten "Can-can" (shades of Toulouse-Lautrec, where are you?)—which, as a French observer, writing in "L'Illustration," remarks, "s'il est connu de

tous les étrangers, n'avait jamais pénétré dans une aussi auguste enceinte." "What a picturesque spectacle!" he goes on: "all those whisking skirts rustling under the amused glance of the President of the Republic, right amid those venerable characters from Molière in their proper costumes." It is this curious contrast that the artist has caught and embodied in the drawing reproduced here—a striking moment of a notable festival in which the art and fantasy of the theatre paid their tribute to the brotherhood of the theatrical profession; and one that will be long remembered as having brought the "Music Hall" to the "Comédie-Française."



THE OPENING OF THE VIALE VATICANO ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN MUSEUMS: THE CEREMONY OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE, WHICH THE POPE BLESSED.

On December 7 the Pope opened the new entrance to the Vatican Museums, which has been constructed on the site of the old Viale Vaticano. The Viale Vaticano is a short distance from the Piazza del Risorgimento. The entrance is modelled upon "St. Patrick's Well," constructed by Sancio at Orvieto, so that visitors who do not use the lifts can go up or down the path which leads straight to the Museums.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY: HR.H.L. WALKING THROUGH STREETS LINED WITH EXCITED CHILDREN AT PORTH.

The Prince of Wales visited the Rhondda Valley on December 7. The district, though badly stricken by the depression, gave his Royal Highness an enthusiastic welcome. The Prince took lunch with Lieut-Col. H. J. Lloyd, chairman of the Rhondda Valley Council, and in the evening, that is, the day after his arrival, he attended a reception given by the Rhondda Valley Council. The town, where the local War Memorial has been erected, was packed with a crowd of some thirty thousand,



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY: HR.H.L. AT THE POTH WAR MEMORIAL, WHERE EX-SERVICE MEN MARCHED PAST.

one of whom had transported over 100 tons of coal to the Rhondda Valley. The Prince placed a wreath on the War Memorial and a Welsh choir sang the Welsh National Anthem and several hymns. Following this, 2000 ex-Service men marched past his Royal Highness. At the Taff Vale Park at Pontypridd he saw a Rugby double match between the Welsh Guards and the Royal Ulster Rifles. Later he attended the second annual dinner of the Welsh Guards' Comrades Association (Rhondda Branch).



THE FOUNDER OF AUSTRALIA: THE MEMORIAL TO ADMIRAL ARTHUR PHILLIP, WHO, IN 1788, LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF A COLONY AT SYDNEY.

On December 7 Prince George unveiled a national memorial to Admiral Phillip, who founded the colony at Sydney. It consists of a bronze bust of the Admiral, a bronze plaque on the outer wall of St. Mildred's Church, Bread Street, E.C. 2, and the bronze tablet fixed to the outside of a London church. The portrait bust, modelled by Mr. Charles L. Hersey, R.A., is flanked by reliefs portraying scenes from Australian history.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HIGBURY: WITH LORD LONSDALE ON HIS RIGHT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ARSENAL TEAM.

On December 10 the Prince of Wales visited the Arsenal Stadium at Highbury, where he opened the new west stand and attended the Football League match between Arsenal and Chelsea. In this match, which was won by the Arsenal, more than 60,000 people watched the game, in which Arsenal beat Chelsea by four goals to one. Arsenal's victory put them more firmly than ever at the top of the League with a lead of five points, since their nearest rivals, Aston Villa and Derby County,



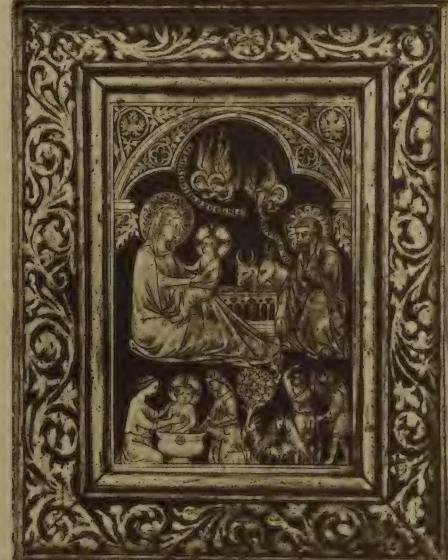
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HIGBURY: WITH LORD LONSDALE ON HIS RIGHT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TALKING WITH THE ARSENAL TEAM.

only drew their opponents. An half-time his Royal Highness came down from the stand and accompanied by Lord Lonsdale, shook hands with the opposing teams. The match was a fine and lively one, with very great difference between the teams except in their actual ability, for the Chelsea played well and had stood up much better than the Arsenal. The game was a good one, but the Arsenal defence was exceptionally sound. Bastin scored twice and Hulme and Coleman—one each.



A MEMORIAL TO BELGIAN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN THIS COUNTRY DURING THE WAR: UNVEILED AT KENSAL GREEN: THE CENTRAL FIGURE—A PIETA.

The Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchenne, unveiled in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green, a memorial to Belgian soldiers who died in England hospitals during the war. The memorial consists of a bronze plaque on a stone base, the inscription and the dedications in Flemish and French. Mr. T. H. Birchall Scott, F.R.I.B.A., designed the memorial, and the figures are the work of Mr. P. Lindley Clark. Some seventy-seven Belgians rest at Kensal Green.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN ITALIAN PANEL DEPICTING THE NATIVITY IN GOLD-ENGRAVING UNDER GLASS.

This panel is a specimen of the North Italian pictorial art of the latter part of the fourteenth century in one of the rarest of techniques—perhaps Paduan work. The technique calls for almost miraculously delicate oil colouring on a piece of glass gold leaf was stained through. This is the design was engraved with a fine point and the glass was dark green on a dark ground. The panel is 34 by 31 inches. It forms part of the bequest of the late George Salting.

PICTORIAL FISH STORIES—"TALL" BUT TRUE!
A "MYSTERY" MONSTER; SALMON; AN IRISH SHARK.



A STRANGE MONSTER OF THE DEEP CAUGHT AFTER ITS FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH A SWORDFISH: A FRONT VIEW.

The two very remarkable photographs which are reproduced above have just come to hand from California. A note supplied with the photographs states that this huge fish, evidently a wanderer from some tropical sea, and of a species unknown in Southern Californian waters, was captured off Redondo Beach after it had fought a battle to the death with a marlin sword-fish, which

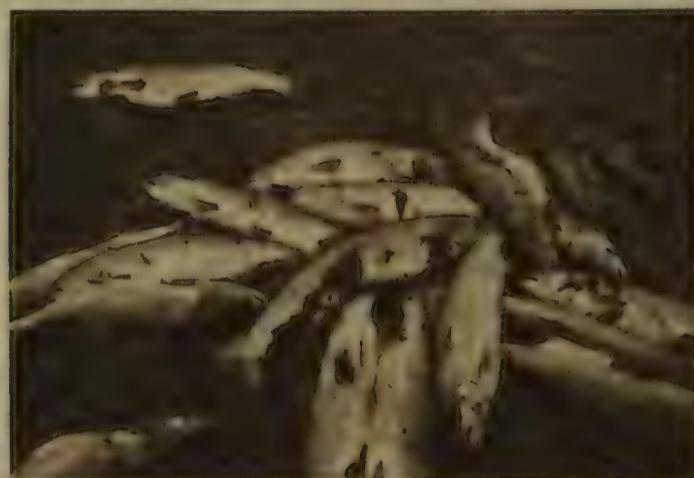


SHOWING WOUNDS INFlicted BY THE SWORD-FISH: A SIDE VIEW OF THE 450-LB. MONSTER (OF A SPECIES UNKNOWN IN THE LOCALITY) ATTRACTING THE CURIOSITY OF BATHERS ON REDONDO BEACH.

had stabbed it in a dozen places. The strange monster, which was coloured a brilliant blue, measured six feet in length and weighed 450 lb. It attracted much interest among the bathers in the locality. At the time of going to press, we have not received expert opinion as to its identity, but a glance through books of reference suggests it may be of a type unclassified.



SALMON-SPEARING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: AN "INDIAN" MAKES A CATCH IN THE SWIRLING WATERS OF THE BULKLEY RIVER.



A SCORE OF SALMON SPEARED IN THIRTY MINUTES BY ONE INDIAN WITHOUT HIS CHANGING POSITION: FISH THAT FORM THE CHIEF ITEM IN THE LOCAL NATIVES' FOOD SUPPLY.

"These photographs," writes the sender, "were taken in the Moricetown Canyon of the Bulkley River in Central British Columbia. Salmon run in great numbers up this stream, and the local Indians of the Carrier tribe spear large quantities, which they dry for winter use. The spear is a long, light cedar pole. Spear and barb are attached to a short length so fitted on the end of the pole as to be stiff while spearing. As soon as a fish is struck, this separate section, which is held by a short thong, slips from the end of the pole, thus allowing the plunging fish sufficient play to prevent its struggling free. Spearing salmon is not a sport or pastime with these people; it is a serious business, as their existence and well-being very largely depend on these salmon, which form the chief item in their food supply."



KILLING A SPEARED SALMON: THE INDIAN WITH A FISH CAUGHT ON THE BARB ATTACHED TO A LONG, LIGHT CEDAR POLE.



DEMONSTRATING THE DETECTION OF SALMON-POACHERS BY A DEVICE CAUSING THEM TO PHOTOGRAPH THEMSELVES IN THE ACT: A METHOD USED IN NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The group of "masked" people seen in this photograph, who, needless to say, are not law-breakers themselves, are engaged in demonstrating an ingenious method for the detection of salmon-poachers in Radnorshire. Things are so arranged that poachers would take their own photographs, while pursuing their nefarious practices, by unwittingly touching a fine wire stretched across a pool and connected to a camera shutter synchronised with a flashlight. Such a device, of course, is very familiar in nature photography, as shown by numerous snapshots of big game and other animals illustrated from time to time in our pages.



THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO WITH THE PORBEAGLE SHARK WHICH HE CAUGHT IN IRISH WATERS.

The Marquess of Sligo sends us this interesting photograph showing him with his porbeagle shark (7 ft. 8 in. long and 210 lb. in weight), caught off Achill on October 17, and sent to the Natural History Museum. It was described and illustrated in Mr. Pycraft's article on sharks in our issue of November 26.



"HOSPITAL WARD": ONE OF THE NINETEEN WAR SCENES IN ALL SOULS ORATORY.



"ORDERLIES WITH TEA URNS."



"MAKING BEDS IN THE HOSPITAL."



"ORDERLIES SORTING KIT-BAGS IN THE HOSPITAL."

As we noted in our last issue, when printing a portrait of the artist and certain of his works, the greatest interest was aroused by the announcement that Mr. Stanley Spencer, who has never exhibited in Burlington House, although a famous member of the New English Art Club, had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His mural paintings on Great War themes, which are in the Oratory of All Souls, Burghclere, some four miles south of Newbury, were specially on view on Thursday, December 15, to a company invited by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Behrend, who gave oratory and almshouses in memory of a relative who lost his life in the war; but it should be added that the Oratory is always open to all. On this page we reproduce eight of the nineteen subjects; others are on the two succeeding pages. With regard to Mr. Spencer, it should be said that he enlisted

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. STANLEY SPENCER, A.R.A., AND OF MR. AND MRS. J. L. BEHREND. (SEE ALSO PAGES 984-985.)

GREAT WAR PICTURES IN AN ORATORY: THE WORK OF STANLEY SPENCER, THE NEW A.R.A.



"SCRUBBING A CORRIDOR IN HOSPITAL": ANOTHER WORK AT BURGHCLERE.



"SORTING LINEN IN HOSPITAL."



"TEA IN THE WARD."



"CLEANING BATHS AND LOCKERS IN THE HOSPITAL."

in the R.A.M.C. in 1915 and, later, transferred to the Royal Berkshire Regiment. He won immediate distinction in 1927, with "The Resurrection," which was seen in the Goupil Gallery, and was bought by the Duveen Fund for Modern British Art for presentation to the Tate Gallery. His "Travoys Arriving with Wounded" is in the Imperial War Museum. He was born at Cookham in 1892, the seventh son of the late Mr. William Spencer, a professor of music. He studied at the Slade.

GREAT WAR PICTURES IN AN ORATORY: THE
NEW A.R.A., WHO WAS IN



"WOUNDED ARRIVING AT HOSPITAL": ONE OF THE R.A.M.C. SCENES DEPICTED BY MR. STANLEY SPENCER IN THE ORATORY OF ALL SOULS, BURGHCLERE.



"RIVER BED IN MACEDONIA" (A SECTION)



"MEN DRESSING UNDER MOSQUITO NETS."

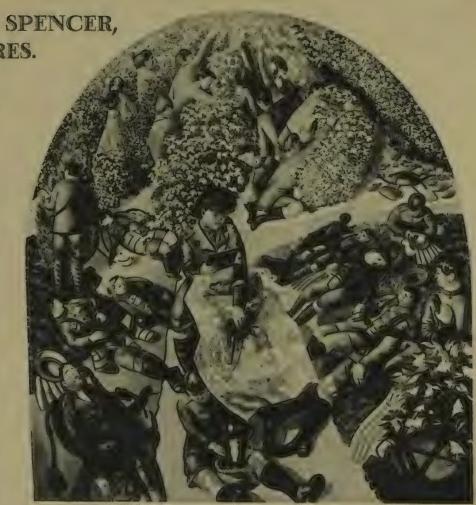
Double interest attaches to these pictures and to those on the preceding page: all are by Mr. Stanley Spencer, the new Associate of the Royal Academy, who has never exhibited in Burlington House; and all are mural paintings of Great War scenes which have place in an oratory. The artist worked with knowledge. It has been written: "Mr. Spencer made designs for a memorial chapel shortly after he was demobilised in 1919. The Oratory of All Souls, Burghclere, was built in 1926-27 for the purpose of enabling him to execute them, and in this respect, if in no other, it may, perhaps, be considered unique. The interior of the building, which was dedicated by the Bishop of Guildford in 1927, has been made to comply with Mr. Spencer's requirements. It is not quite finished: a dado is to be added and the colour of the walls and ceiling is to be altered. The paintings have been completed by the artist, unaided, in six years. Their subjects emanate from his experiences during the war, certain incidents in the course of his daily duties having especially impressed him. He enlisted in the R.A.M.C. in 1915, and for a time was a hospital orderly at Bristol. Subsequently, he was transferred, at his own desire, to the Royal Berkshire Regiment, with which he served on the Salonika front for the remainder

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, MR. STANLEY SPENCER, A.R.A., AND

MURAL PAINTINGS OF STANLEY SPENCER,
THE R.A.M.C. AND THE BERKSHIRES.



"RESURRECTION ON THE SALONICA FRONT."



"MAP-READING DURING A HALT ON A ROUTE MARCH": ONE OF THE INFANTRY PICTURES BY MR. STANLEY SPENCER IN THE ORATORY OF ALL SOULS, BURGHCLERE.



"OUTSIDE A DUG-OUT IN MACEDONIA."



"KIT INSPECTION."



"FILLING WATER-BOTTLES AT A DAM."

It is not Academic, in the old Burlington House sense. Indeed, interviewed by the "Evening News," he said: "Now I am an A.R.A., and I am proud and pleased. But I don't quite know what to do about it. If I sent my pictures to the Academy, as I have a right to do, they might not like them. On the other hand, it would be ungracious, I suppose, not to send them, in case they do like them. Yet somehow I don't believe they would fit in Burlington House." Mr. Spencer need have no fears: the doors of the R.A. are much wider open than they were. In view of the nature of his war pictures, another quotation may be made: "I paint what I know . . . I don't want to run about the world getting impressions of things. I'm not interested in impressions of things."

MR. AND MRS. J. L. BEHREND, OF GREY HOUSE, BURGHCLERE, NEWBURY.

THE ART OF PACIFYING EUROPE.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

M. MICHEL MISOFFE, in his book dedicated "To Gyp and her Friends," has once again raised a question of great importance with regard to the history of the nineteenth century. It concerns the Memoirs of Talleyrand. These Memoirs were bequeathed to Adolphe de Bacourt with the stipulation that he was to publish them thirty years after Talleyrand's death or to prolong that interval as he saw fit. M. de Bacourt did prolong it, for another twenty years, and died leaving his rights to M. Paul Audial. Finally, the Memoirs were published in 1891-1892, through the Duc Albert de Broglie. But when the text was presented to the public it was received with some misgiving. Was it genuine? It contained many obvious and inexplicable discrepancies. Too much of it gave an impression of summing-up. For my own part, I am inclined to believe that parts of it had even undergone alteration. For forty years doubts have been hovering around those Memoirs: M. Missoffe has just confirmed them by the testimony of Gyp, the celebrated novelist who died a short time ago.

Gyp was Adolphe de Bacourt's great-niece. She used to tell her friends that, as a girl at Nancy, her great-uncle used to get her to copy out the appended parts of the Memoirs, at the rate of fifty centimes a letter. She had seen the manuscript, which filled two great oak chests. She remembered that her great-uncle used to calculate that it would take ten volumes to publish the Memoirs without the appendix, and twenty with. It is evident that the five published volumes are nothing but a reduction of the original text. But Gyp also added that in the published Memoirs she had recognised neither the vigour, style, nor manner of the original manuscript, of which she had read long fragments.

Therefore, the question is—and I wish the Diplomatic Academy of Paris would take the matter up—what has become of the manuscript? Is it still in existence? As long as there is a vestige of hope that it may still be hidden somewhere, it should be sought. Talleyrand's Memoirs are the most important documents in existence dealing with that period of the history of the West from which issued all the greatness and misfortunes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They recount the Revolution, Empire, and Restoration as seen by a man of genius who contrived to be simultaneously one of the chief actors in that tremendous drama, and the only one of all its innumerable participants and spectators to have understood it. To play a part in one of the most turbulent periods in history, and to have been able to understand it almost as it can only be understood by posterity: in that resides the unique greatness of the man.

Many of my readers will be astonished at this estimation. Posterity has attacked few men as savagely as Talleyrand. The Church would not forgive him his apostasy. The nobility bore him a grudge for having accepted the Revolution, royalism for having served the Empire, and the Bonapartists for having brought back the monarchy. The Nationalists accused him of having let go the left bank of the Rhine at the Congress of Vienna. The rigourist bourgeoisie of the nineteenth century was unrelenting towards the dissipations and cupidities of a *grand seigneur* of the old régime who accepted the presents of a sovereign as an honour, especially when the present happened to be a fat one. What genius, what amount of services rendered, could withstand such a coalition of posthumous rancour?

He had his faults—that is beyond dispute. But his merciless judges forgot that he was forced into embracing the ecclesiastical career, to which few temperaments could have been more repugnant than his: and they never ask themselves whether that terrible moral outrage of which his youth was victim might not excuse certain mistakes and vices. In this period, so addicted to the false drama

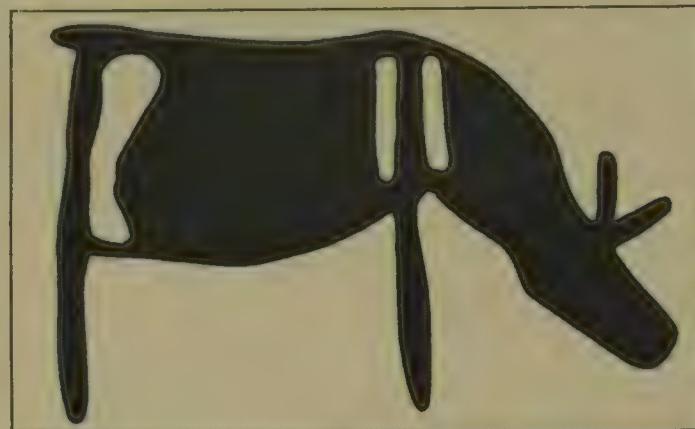
of the cinema, no one seems to have realised the tragedy of that ever-unhinged existence, emerging from the horrors of ecclesiastical life only to fall into a world of great upstarts whom he was obliged to serve—he, the aristocrat to the tips of his fingers. It never seems to have dawned on anyone that his supposed cynicism might only be the desperate reaction of a superior temperament ever compelled to live in surroundings foreign to its nature. No one seems to have noticed the prodigious unity of thought that lies beneath his apparent changes. No one seems to have recognised the fact that if Napoleon had listened to his advice, he might have avoided many mistakes and spared France's blood, not to mention that of Europe. Indulgent judges have acknowledged him to be a master of diplomacy. But he was much more than that: he was a great statesman, the greatest and

Here my readers will permit me to recall a personal experience. I began to read Talleyrand's Memoirs in the first week of November 1918—the week of the Armistice. Confined to bed by doctor's orders, although having no temperature; helpless, though in full possession of all my faculties, while all around me the dynasties of Europe were crashing to the ground, and the new republics were swarming into existence on every side, I plunged into the five volumes. I read them rapidly, completely forgetting the tiresome position in which I found myself at such an important moment for history, as always happens when reading a book that holds the attention. Then suddenly—oh, wonder of wonders!—I shall never forget that moment, one of the fullest of my whole existence—I closed the book and my eyes, almost appalled. For in those few instants it seemed that I had the revelation of all the immense drama of the nineteenth century and the gigantic catastrophe of which Europe was the unwitting witness at that actual moment: it seemed to me that I could see stretching out before my eyes, precise, straight, and clear, the road of the future—and the abysses that lay along it.

What had happened? I had merely come to p. 155 of the second volume and in a few minutes glanced through the six following pages, up to p. 161. But what pages! They are those in which Talleyrand explains how he conceived his plan for the French Restoration and the pacification of Europe, not as a result of political calculations, but by a general idea, set forth without any philosophical pretensions, but with a simplicity and clarity that I am tempted to style sublime. It is the idea that force is incapable of creating anything stable or secure; that order, whether national or international, can only be founded solidly on a basis of freely accepted right; that, in order to get Europe out of the chaos into which it had fallen and to pacify it, "usurpation," as he calls it, must come to an end: governments must be reconstituted, no matter whether monarchical or republican, but they must be legitimate ones, and their right to command freely recognised by the peoples.

"But that is a very liberal idea!" my readers will exclaim in astonishment. "Talleyrand was, in fact, a precursor of Wilson? We have never heard that before. . . ." Talleyrand's Memoirs are in every library: they only have to read the six pages mentioned in order to be convinced. But that is not all. Talleyrand did not keep those ideas to himself: he succeeded in imparting them to the Congress of Vienna, and in getting them accepted, albeit with numerous contradictions and imperfections, as the basis on which to rebuild Europe. . . . "The Congress of Vienna?" my readers will again protest. "That diabolical conclave of emperors and kings agreed amongst themselves for the dividing-up of people like herds of cattle, and the stifling of liberty? . . ."

I have no intention here of going over the history of the Congress of Vienna. I hope to do so one day at Geneva, in the University. I shall confine myself to imploring my readers to think over certain comparisons which are quite simple, although they are not so far to be found in history books. In 1814 Europe was in an even worse state of misery and disorder than it is now. To reorganise Europe, régimes of authority were set up on every side: which fact causes the years of the Restoration to be looked upon as a period of severe slavery for peoples. However, these régimes of the Restoration have only to be compared with Napoleon's, and those that rule two-thirds of Europe to-day, for it to become obvious that they were much gentler and less arbitrary. There are many peoples in Europe to-day who would be only too glad to return to Metternich's shepherding. Stranger still, the authoritative methods of the Restoration, gentler and less arbitrary than those employed in so many countries to-day, served their turn. They gradually pacified and reorganised Europe; they restored order in minds and institutions; they gave a new stimulus to work and permitted Europe to emerge from the misery



A PREHISTORIC ROCK-DRAWING FOUND AT A NORWEGIAN FJORD: ONE OF MANY HUNDREDS, MOSTLY REPRESENTING DEER, FROM VINGEN, DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY OF SOME 800 ROCK-DRAWINGS DATING FROM ABOUT 2000 B.C.: VINGEN FJORD—A VIEW TOWARDS THE SEA FROM THE INNER (EASTERN) END, WHERE A MOUNTAIN STREAM DESCENDS.

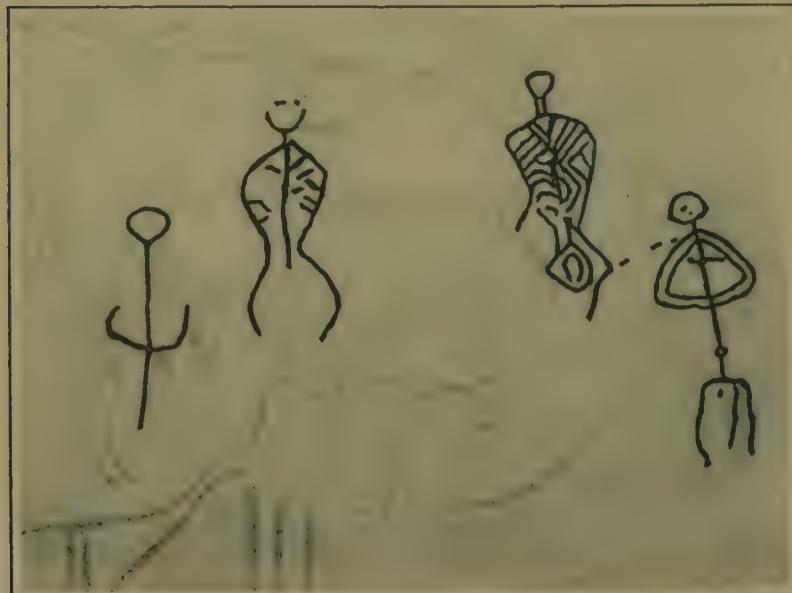
Groups of rock-drawings were found cut into the steep mountain-sides on the right of the stream and along the southern shore of the fjord (to the left). Part of the rock beside the stream is shown in the upper right-hand illustration on the opposite page, where a member of the expedition is chalking the outlines of a rock-drawing.

Illustrations supplied by Dr. Jøks Bøe. (See also opposite page.)

most original of his time. He proved it in 1814, when he first carried out not only the plans of others, but also his own. On that occasion he saved France and Europe, and got the better of the chaos brought on by the crumbling of the Empire, not through Court intrigues and the manoeuvres of Chancellorship, but thanks to a doctrine drawn from the traditions of the eighteenth century, the observation of his times and his own immense experience and genius, a doctrine of such simplicity and lucid depth that it was the salvation of the West a century ago, and might even be so to-day if the world could once more come to understand it.

[Continued on page 1000.]

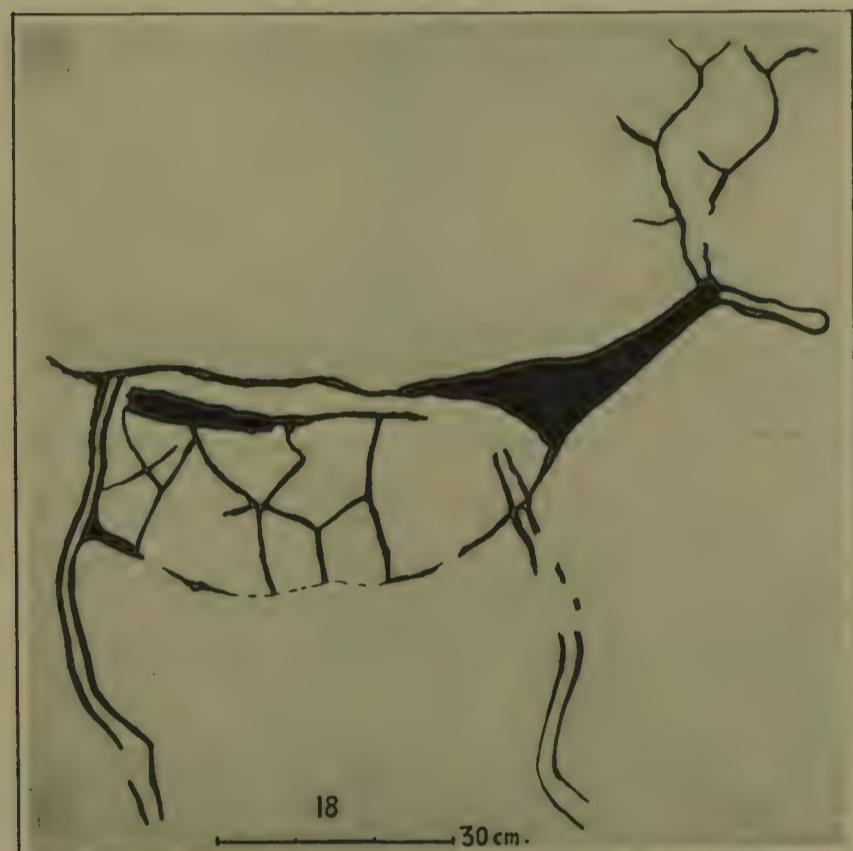
STONE-AGE ART OF SCANDINAVIA: A GREAT FIND OF ROCK-CARVINGS IN NORWAY.



CRUDE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE HUMAN FORM AMONG THE MORE NUMEROUS AND REALISTIC FIGURES OF DEER FOUND CARVED ON THE ROCKS AT VINGEN: A DRAWING BY DR. BØE.



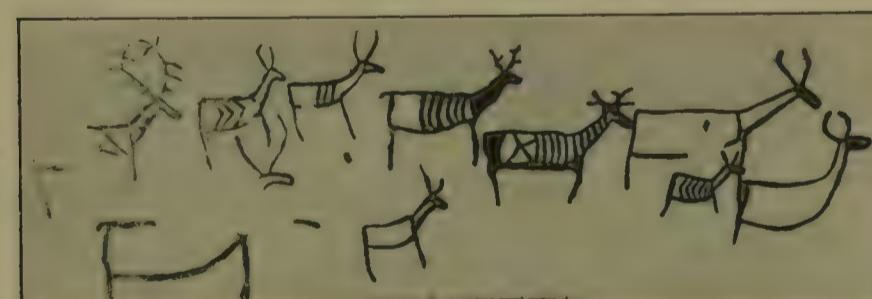
FILLING-IN THE OUTLINES OF PREHISTORIC ROCK-CARVINGS OF ANIMALS WITH CHALK: AN ARCHAEOLOGIST AT WORK ON ROCKS BESIDE THE MOUNTAIN STREAM FLOWING INTO VINGEN FJORD (SEE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).



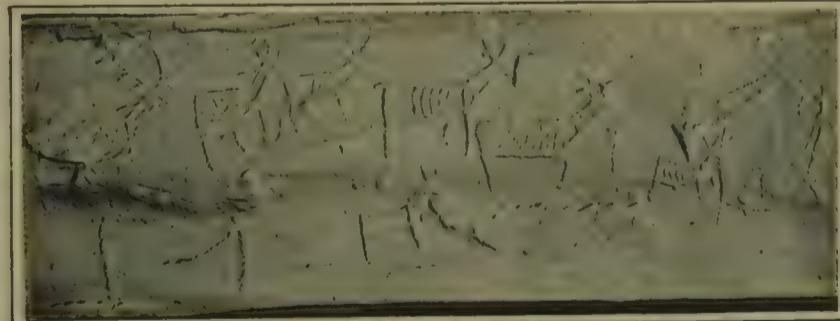
ONE OF THE ANIMAL FIGURES THAT FORM THE MAJORITY OF THE ROCK-CARVINGS AT VINGEN: DR. BØE'S COPY OF A STAG SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION. (WITH 30 CM. SCALE TO INDICATE SIZE.)



SHOWING THE SAME STAG (SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) AS IT APPEARS ON THE ROCK: A PLASTER CAST (IN THE BERGEN MUSEUM) MADE FROM A SECTION OF THE ROCK SURFACE.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION THAT SHOWS THE FIGURES AS THEY APPEAR ON A ROCK: A DRAWING BY DR. BØE OF A GROUP OF DEER CARVED ON THE ROCKS AT VINGEN. (WITH 50 CM. SCALE TO INDICATE SIZE.)



THE SAME GROUP OF ANIMALS (SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) AS THEY APPEAR ON THE ROCK-SURFACE: A PLASTER CAST (IN THE BERGEN MUSEUM) FROM A SECTION OF THE CARVED ROCK.

The following account of these interesting illustrations is from the pen of a well-known Norwegian archaeologist, Dr. Johs Bøe, Keeper of Antiquities in the Museum at Bergen. "At Vingen is to be found the largest and most remarkable field of Stone-Age rock-carvings known in Northern Europe. The place is situated to the north of Bergen in Western Norway. At this point a narrow fjord or bay runs eastward into the mountain mass, and at the far end is a small stream that descends from the mountains. (See the lower illustration on the opposite page.) All along the southern shore of the fjord, and also along the lower part of the river, there are figures cut into the surface of the adjacent rock. During two summers' research I have discovered and made drawings of about 800 in all. By far the greater number represent red deer, partly alone, but also in groups comprising up to 135 figures, mostly wandering or running towards the sea. Some representations of the human figure are also found, as well as certain objects which are unknown anywhere else and are probably meant to show arrangements for catching or killing the animals. On geological and archaeological

evidence these engravings can be dated to the late Scandinavian Stone Age, about 2000 B.C. A parallel not far to seek is afforded by the well-known carvings and paintings dating from Palæolithic times on the walls of innumerable grottoes in Southern France and Spain. Though the skill of the Palæolithic artist by far surpasses that of his Northern successor, there are striking traits of resemblance between the two groups. Both are works of the primitive hunter in his struggle for daily food, the pictures having probably been used as a co-operant element in primitive magical rites for the purpose of attracting game or of assuring a good result of the chase. Evidently Vingen itself was in those days a vast hunting-ground for Stone-Age tribes. From the mountain-plateaux behind, where deer still abound, the herds must have been chased down the narrow glen through which the river flows, and then along the coast to a precipice falling, about 60 ft. to the sea. Here Stone-Age man may easily have finished the killing from his canoe. Just along this trail, and nowhere else, the rock pictures are placed, having evidently been intended to lead the hunt in the right direction."

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT.

VI.—LIGHT FROM THE SUN AND THE STARS.

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, O.M., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.
(See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

Here follows the sixth and last article of the series specially written for us by Sir William Bragg, the famous physicist, condensing his lectures on "The Universe of Light," delivered at the Royal Institution. The drawings given on the opposite page illustrate the present article and the experiments described in it.

THE stars appear to us as bright points which move together across the sky. Astronomers have told us long ago that in so doing they are telling us of the rotation of the earth rather than of their own movements. Very patient and skilled observation shows that there are relative motions amongst them, yet so small that the constellations have retained their form since man was first able to describe them. In the last hundred years, the power of interpreting the messages brought by light has increased greatly. The stars have come to life. They are no longer a mere medley of bright points irregularly spread over the sky; nor even of suns that emit light like ours and are scattered through the depths of space. They have become to us parts of an active universe of which our own solar system is also a part. We can measure their distances, their weights, their luminosities, their compositions, their movements, and even estimate their historic past and their future. Our world of knowledge and perception has suddenly increased, and we begin to have understanding of its greater laws.

The first step in the acquirement of this knowledge is made when we use a prism or a grating to analyse the light from the star. In every case we find the same spectrum colours, running from red to violet; our eyes perceive these alone of the complex which the star emits. But the emphasis is not the same in all parts of the spectrum and varies from star to star, and accordingly we find that the temperature of the star can be deduced from observation of the position of most emphasis. That is possible because the quality of the light emitted by a substance depends only, except in special cases, on the temperature and not upon the nature of the substance. If, for example, we gaze into a hollow in the glowing coal-fire, a red-hot cave with as small an opening as possible, we do not see the outline of the pieces of coal inside, nor do we see the outline of a piece of metal or china if they are well inside the hole and have acquired the fire temperature. Being at the same temperature, they all send out the same quality of radiation, mostly red rays, and so they cannot be distinguished from one another. Now, in a furnace where a blast raises the temperature, the blue rays are added in greater proportions and a white heat is approached. If a temperature of 6000 degrees C. could be reached, the light would have the quality of daylight, because that is the temperature, approximately, of the sun. Some of the stars are hotter still, and the blue rays increase still more in relative intensity. Thus the quality of the light of a star tells its temperature. A very simple experiment will illustrate this point. We throw a spectrum upon the screen, and then cut off the current from the arc-lamp. As the glowing carbons lose their heat the spectrum fades away, but the blue end fades faster than the other.

By observing the spectrum carefully we can also find the nature of the sun or star that emits the light. When the light is analysed by the prism, it is found that its spectrum is, allowing for its temperature, like that of any other glowing mass, such as, for example, the spectrum of the carbon in the arc-lamp—with this exception, that a number of clearly defined wave-lengths are missing. The explanation is ready to hand. We can base it on an analogy we have used before, *viz.*, that of the tuning-forks. Imagine a ray of sound containing a whole series of sounds of different pitch: such a ray would correspond to the light from a glowing body. Let this sound-ray go through a space where there are multitudes of tuning-forks all of one pitch: it would emerge more or less weakened in respect to the sound of that pitch, because energy would have been spent on setting the forks going. If there were two or three sets of forks, there would be two or three gaps in the sound-spectrum.

Now, the atoms of a gas are like tuning-forks; or, rather, each atom is like a set of forks. If we could shake a room full of forks of a few different pitches, we should hear the corresponding notes. So, if we put a piece of iron into the

arc-lamp and vaporise it in the heat of the arc, the iron atoms, like the shaken room, have a set of light-notes—*i.e.*, waves of definite pitch.

We have only to suppose, therefore, that the spectrum is complete, as it should be, when it leaves the glowing mass in the interior of the sun, but that on its way out it goes through vapours at high temperatures, and the vapour of iron in particular, not so high, however, as that of the inner mass. It will then be robbed of those wave-lengths which the iron vapour would give out.

We can even imitate these conditions. When the iron is placed in the arc and a pretty strong current is passed through, the inner core of the carbon in the arc is emitting the full tale of wave-lengths; but round about the edge of the arc is iron vapour which is not so hot. The atoms are separate and independent of one another, and they can absorb, as before, the wave-length characteristic of iron. Hence the gaps: and, of course, this observation is sure evidence that there is heated iron vapour round about the sun. So for other substances; all the stars and heavenly bodies which shine with sufficient intensity to give a spectrum can be tested in this way. One result of the enquiry is



THE TELESCOPE DISCOVERED
BY ZWIAARIS JANSEN,
SPECTACLEMAKER OF HAARLEM, 1608.

quantities become known, step by step: and the able writers who in these days describe this progress of knowledge have roused a deep interest in modern astronomy.

We have seen that light may be treated as a wave motion in an all-pervading ether. Laboratory measurements show that the longest waves which we can see, those at the red end of the spectrum, are about 1-30,000th of an inch long. Those at the other end, the extreme violet, are about half as long as the red. But this narrow range cannot cover all the wave-lengths that might be found in such an ether. And, in fact, we are acquainted with the properties of such waves over a range of which the light-waves occupy only a minute fraction. The very long waves are advertised in the newspapers every day, as those of the various broadcasting stations. Most of these are hundreds of yards long: but waves of a few feet are being experimented with for special purposes. Still shorter waves can be made in the laboratory. Waves of lengths

not greatly exceeding those of the red light of the spectrum are known as infra-red. They cannot be seen, of course, but their energy can be observed. We can, for instance, cut off all the light-rays issuing from an arc-lamp and leave only waves too long to be visible. A lens of rock salt will converge these rays upon a piece of paper—or a cigarette!—which will absorb their energy and be set on fire. A glass lens would be useless, because glass is opaque to these rays, while rock salt lets them through.

Ether-waves shorter than the visible can be rendered evident by allowing them to fall upon a certain fairly numerous class of substances which convert, by complicated physical and chemical action, the energy into that of waves which are not so short and are visible. The experiment is easily shown. We throw a spectrum on the screen, using by preference quartz lenses and prisms, because quartz is transparent to these very short waves, while glass is not. If then we place one of these peculiar substances, such as quinine sulphate, in the spectrum, and move it out to the violet end, it not only glows while inside the limits that our eyes set for us, but it continues to glow when it is pushed beyond those limits. These are ultra-violet rays, of which we now hear so much. Still shorter are the X-rays, and some of the rays of radium and like substances.

Would we be in any way better off if our vision covered a wider range? Certainly we find ourselves to be interested in producing these very short

waves, especially the X-rays, because they serve us when light-waves fail. The shorter the waves the more capable they are, if they can be observed, of revealing small detail; and we have discovered that there are things of extraordinary importance to us which our eyes cannot see; for example, minute organisms, and minute structural elements of the things we use, metals and pottery, wood and cotton, bone and the living cell. The use of invisible rays has opened out a new world for us, with which we have relations that concern us very closely indeed.

We have to remember, however, that these very short rays are injurious to our eyes. As the sun emits them plentifully, we should suffer, were it not that they are absorbed by the oxygen of the atmosphere, on which they act with the production of ozone. The energy so absorbed must heat the upper layers of the atmosphere, and recent calculations show that at a certain great height the temperature must be considerably higher than on the earth's surface. In fact, it is now supposed that these hot layers are responsible for the reflection of sound, which causes gun-fire to be heard at a distance of a hundred miles or so when it is inaudible at places nearer to the source.

Neither do infra-red rays penetrate the atmosphere well, being largely absorbed by water-vapour. An experiment due to Tyndall shows how the ether-waves sent out by a boiling kettle are appreciably absorbed in passing through two or three feet of air charged with water-vapour. Thus the light which affects our eyes is that which is best qualified to bring us the news of the universe and to inform us of what is going on in the world around us.



FACTORS IN CAUSING PILLARS OF LIGHT IN AN ARCTIC SUN-HALO: EXAMPLES OF THE BEAUTIFUL HEXAGONAL CRYSTALS OF ICE THAT FORM IN COLD LATITUDES (GREATLY MAGNIFIED).

These typical ice-crystals, here greatly magnified, are all different in design, but all in the form of six-pointed stars. This illustration relates to the experiment and diagram shown to the right of the sun-halo illustrated opposite. With reference to the above ice-crystals, Sir William Bragg supplies the following note: "The reflections from these plates as they fall make the vertical pillar of light in the central picture on the opposite page. The circular halo is due to certain refractions in little hexagonal prisms which are often attached to the crystal plates, like the stalk to a mushroom."

to show that the substances of the earth are those also of the universe. The vapours that surround a star depend naturally upon the temperature, and here is another means of temperature measurement.

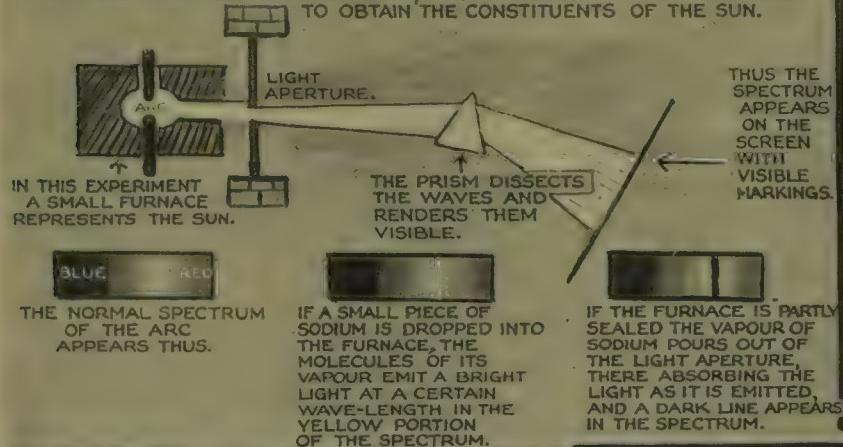
Ahd again, by another form of careful observation, the rate at which a star is approaching or receding from the earth can be determined. Suppose that a certain substance is present in the star's atmosphere and robs the full spectrum of its characteristic wave-lengths. The black gaps in the spectrum appear in certain places on the screen or the photographic plate. Now, if the star is rushing towards the earth, it is crushing up the waves from the rear, and all the wave-lengths are artificially shortened. The positions of the gaps in the spectrum are slightly changed, and our apparatus interprets their positions as meaning the absence of slightly shorter waves than is actually the case; slightly, because the motion of the star is so small compared with the velocity of light. The phenomenon is very familiar to us all in its sound analogue: all day the motor-cars go by, and the pitches of all the noises made by a car drop at the moment of passing. If the car is travelling at 25 miles an hour, the common drop is nearly a semi-tone.

Again, given the temperature of a star, its output for a given area of surface is known. Therefore a bright star must have a large surface, and a dim star a small one. The diameters of such stars can therefore be calculated. The mass can be determined when, as in so many cases, the star is one of a pair which revolve about each other in a period that can be measured. So, in all these and other ways, the details of star movements and qualities and

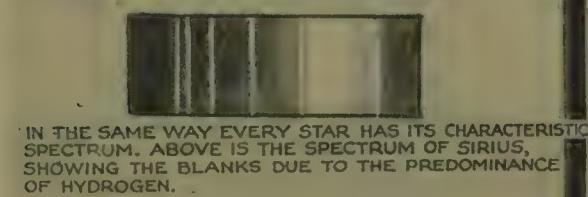
NEWS OF THE UNIVERSE CONVEYED BY LIGHT FROM THE STARS.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, O.M., F.R.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

THE HEATED INTERIOR OF THE SUN SENDS OUT LIGHT OF ALL WAVE-LENGTHS, BUT THESE DO NOT ALL REACH THE EARTH. SOME ARE ABSTRACTED WHEN PASSING THROUGH THE SUN'S OUTER FRINGE OF HOT VAPOURS. BY ANALYSING THE LIGHT WE RECEIVE, IT IS POSSIBLE FOR ASTRONOMERS TO OBTAIN THE CONSTITUENTS OF THE SUN.



THE BLANKS IN THE SPECTRUM ILLUSTRATED ABOVE ARE BUT A FEW OF AN IMMENSE NUMBER FOUND IN THE SUN'S SPECTRUM. BY KNOWING WHAT THESE BLANKS REPRESENT WE LEARN THAT THE ELEMENT SO REPRESENTED EXISTS THERE.



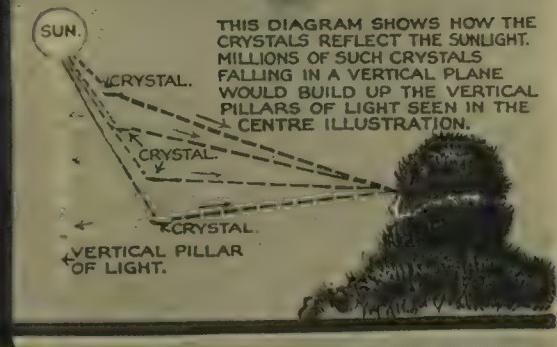
THE BEAUTIFUL HALOES SEEN IN THE POLAR REGIONS ARE PRODUCED BY FALLING CRYSTALS, WHICH FALL FLAT LIKE THESE DISCS DROPPED IN A JAR OF WATER.



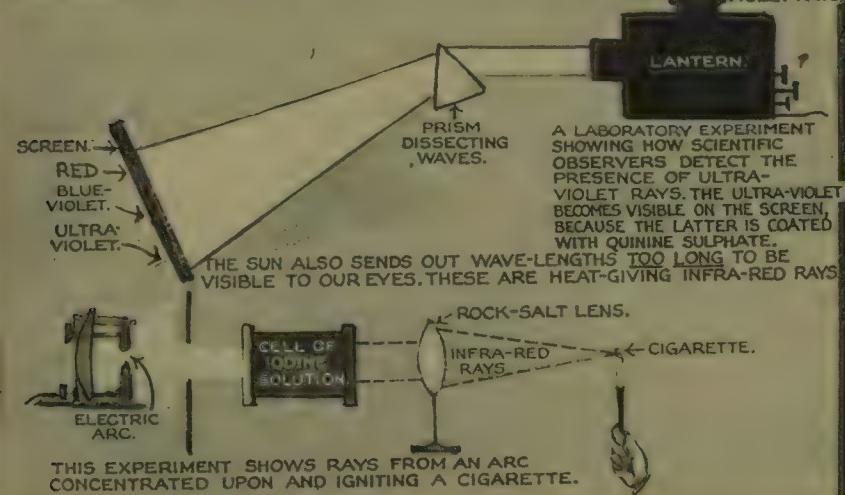
SO THE APPROACHING STAR PUSHES ITS CHARACTERISTIC BLANKS TOWARDS THE BLUE END OF THE SPECTRUM AND GIVES ASTRONOMERS A METHOD OF CALCULATING THE VELOCITY OF ITS APPROACH.



THE UPPER PORTION REPRESENTS THE SPECTRUM OF A STAR AT REST IN RESPECT TO THE EARTH. THE LOWER PORTION REPRESENTS THE SPECTRUM OF A STAR RUSHING TOWARDS US, WITH THE BLANKS SHIFTED TOWARDS THE BLUE END OF ITS SPECTRUM.



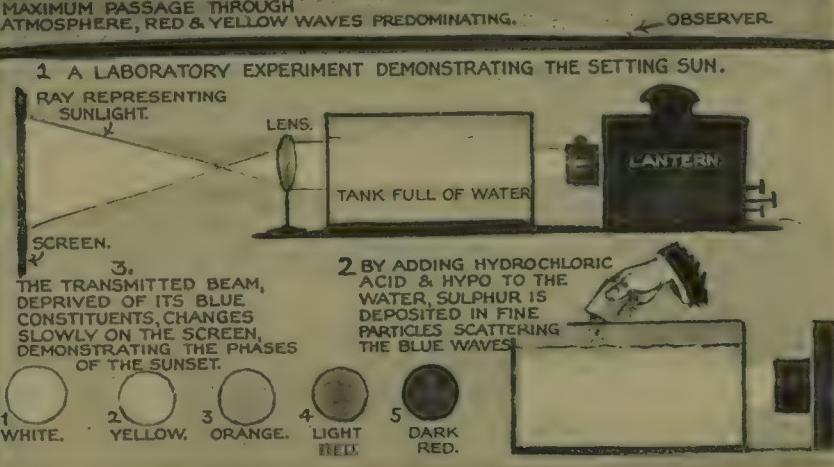
THE RADIATION FROM THE SUN IS FURTHER DEPLETED IN PASSING THROUGH THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE. THIS IS ESPECIALLY SO WITH THE WAVELENGTHS TOO SHORT TO BE SEEN BY THE HUMAN EYE—THOSE KNOWN AS ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS.



THE RED GLOW OF THE SUNSET IS CAUSED BY THE WAVES OF BLUE BEING TURNED AWAY BY THE ATMOSPHERE MORE THAN THE WAVES OF RED.

SETTING SUN. ATMOSPHERE.

SUN AT NOON,
SHORTEST PATH
THROUGH
ATMOSPHERE,
BLUE WAVES
PREDOMINATING.



VI.—“LIGHT FROM THE SUN AND THE STARS”: SIR WILLIAM BRAGG'S EXPERIMENTS AT HIS SIXTH LECTURE.

Sir William Bragg's article on the opposite page, to which the above drawings relate, concludes the series of six which he has contributed to our pages, giving the substance of his lectures at the Royal Institution on “The Universe of Light.” Although primarily intended for juvenile audiences, they proved to be equally fascinating to the “grown-ups” who heard them, like all his previous lectures of a similar type dealing with other phases of science on popular lines, and likewise published as illustrated articles in this paper. The present series, we may recall, began in our issue of November 5, with an article on the Nature

of Light. The second article dealt with Light and the Eye, the third and fourth with Light and Colour, and the Fifth with Light from the Sky—published respectively in our numbers dated November 19 and 26, and December 3 and 10. As in former years, Sir William Bragg has amplified his lectures in the form of a book, “The Universe of Light,” due for publication, by Messrs. Bell, early in the New Year. It is not designed exclusively for young people, but will appeal to older readers, as do his previous volumes, “The World of Sound,” “Old Trades and New Knowledge,” and “Concerning the Nature of Things.”



I AM invited to tell the world what sort of thing, that is worth buying at all from the point of view of a man with a taste for the past, can be bought to-day in the shops for a ten-pound note and under. The answer is about a thousand different objects, some of which have a genuine aesthetic, and others a merely sentimental appeal. Indeed, the choice is so great that one is tempted to write a sort of catalogue and have done with it, in the sure and certain knowledge that no reader could struggle through such a list to the bitter end. But the problem is not of a kind that can be solved so easily or with such abysmal dullness, because there must be a vast number of people still left in the world who would flatly refuse to believe that a good thing can be bought for a small price.

For a generation and more we have had dinned into our ears in newspaper reports that this picture changed hands for £5000, and that piece of furniture for £1000, until the average man has been bullied into thinking that only rich people can afford anything out of the ordinary. As a general rule this page is not concerned with prices, but only with things and their history. Some very remarkable and rare and expensive objects have, and will, appear upon it, and also desirable pieces of one sort or another which are worth shillings, and not pounds. But, whereas in sober truth market values have nothing whatever to do with the pleasure one can obtain from a work of art, popular reports of auctions concentrate upon cash rather than merit. People read about the big



1. A TYPE OF CHINESE ANTIQUE MUCH SOUGHT AFTER AT THE MOMENT: A CARVED SOAPSTONE FIGURE OF KWANYIN (ONE OF A PAIR), WITH TRACES OF DELICATE COLOURING. (HEIGHT, 7½ IN.)

This figure of Kwanyin is of the Chien-lung period (1735-1795). It and its fellow are offered at the price of £4 10s. each.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. C. Collier and Co., Hobart Place, S.W.1.

the public mind an impression already acquired from the newspapers. In the nature of things, the dealers had to send of their best and rarest, and in going round it was easy to forget that for every outstanding work of art specially displayed in a special exhibition, there were a hundred things of good quality, but not so out of the ordinary, left on their shelves.

There was, for example, a lavish display of antique silver and jewellery, but charming little presents such as little vinaigrettes, brooches in old settings, and the more ordinary types of silver were rightly and necessarily omitted—yet such things, which make ideal Christmas presents, are to be found in profusion at a price which is well under the limit set by the title of this article. Prints and drawings were not in the show at all, yet any amount of good work in both these categories is to be found modestly priced at a dozen famous galleries. The market for drawings is not quite what it was as described by Sir William Rothenstein in his memoirs, when all sorts of Old Master drawings were to be had at 5s. each at a book-shop in Knightsbridge. But those were the days when scarcely anyone realised the importance and interest attaching to a little scribble by Rembrandt. We know better now, and there are no Rembrandts to be had for either five shillings or five pounds, yet the latter sum will as often as not be sufficient to make more than one genuinely decorative and speculative drawing by an unknown master change hands.

In ceramics, both Chinese and European, the field is much wider. There are odds and ends of plates and bowls, figures, pots and jugs, snuff-bottles, little jades, hard-stone seals, *et hoc genus omne*, not to

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. UNDER TEN POUNDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

prices, and forget the dozens and dozens of minor and often delightful pictures and other things which slip through a sale for a few pounds. There is, happily, many a pretty girl who never figures in the gossip paragraphs, and many a pretty picture which goes without its meed of praise in print.

Partly as a result of all this I am quite sure that hundreds of individuals are genuinely terrified at the thought of stepping into the gallery of our better-known dealers because they have only a modest fiver to spend. Admitted that in a few instances firms do not cater for the person whose pockets are not deep, it is still correct to say that an imposing building often conceals not only a rather formidable scheme of interior decoration, thick carpets, intelligent lighting, and all the rest of it, but, in addition to a stock of important and necessarily high-priced objects, a choice array of uncommonly cheap but worth-while things as well. I have in mind at the moment two well-known galleries: in one was an almost unique picture worth to-day at last £25,000, and in the next room a collection of prints ranging from two guineas each; in the other a Chinese carved figure costing £700, and a series of quite unimportant but very pleasant pieces, one of which was marked 8s. 6d. and none over a pound—from which it would appear that the legend that only millionaires are welcome visitors in London art dealers' premises is nothing more than a delusion.

I am inclined to think that the recent Art Treasures exhibition at Christie's did a little to fix in

mention bronzes and enamels—not is size a criterion of price. One does not buy either pictures or porcelain by the square yard—indeed, other things being



2. A FORM OF CHINESE ART MUCH FAVOURED IN ENGLAND: A CHINESE POTTERY RIDGE-TILE IN THE FORM OF A KYLIN, COVERED IN GREEN GLAZE WITH MANE AND SCROLL IN YELLOW. (HEIGHT, 10½ IN.) This roof-tile dates from the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644). Its width at base is 8 in. The price is £8.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. John Sparks, Mount Street, W.1.

equal, the large-size work of art is often the cheaper. Furniture, perhaps, is a little more difficult. One can hardly expect genuine Chippendale or Sheraton

for the price of an evening out, but it is surprising what a lot of pleasant little boxes and book-rests and trays and such-like things are to be had for a very modest outlay. I have seen any number of little wooden tobacco-boxes, by no means elaborate, but all authentic, priced at a few shillings; a miniature chest of drawers—a beautiful piece of cabinet work—marked £6. There are any number of old wooden tea-caddies to be had from £2 to £10—they make excellent cigarette-boxes; and so do those amusing ingenuities of the eighteenth century, hinged boxes of walnut carved in the shape of an apple. They are not to be seen everywhere, but when one does come across a genuine one, something in the neighbourhood of a fiver will generally buy it. The same figure is the usual price for a small manogany letter-rack; and a small table in the style



4. A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AMATEUR OF BOW PORCELAIN: A FIGURE OF BAJAZZO, FROM THE ITALIAN COMEDY, IN A FINE YELLOW COAT. (HEIGHT, 7 IN.) This delightful piece of Bow china bears the anchor and dagger mark of the factory in red, and dates from about 1760. It is priced at only £8 10s.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

of Sheraton, but not, of course, of the highest quality, can often be found for twice that sum; but don't hope to get a walnut table of nearly a century previous for less than three figures. Wooden candlesticks are to be found within our limit, and also the more usual types of Georgian salt-cellars—and please note that the important word in this sentence is "usual." The less rare sorts of small Battersea enamel boxes—bonbonnières and such-like—are charmingly sentimental, really useful, and very reasonably priced.



3. A CHARMING ANTIQUE AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE BRONZE OF KWANYIN, THE GODDESS OF MERCY (HEIGHT, 6 IN.); OFFERED FOR £5.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. John Sparks, Mount Street, W.1.



SUNSHINE LAND

The need of change, both mental and physical, becomes apparent in children at a very early age.

We can all recall the joy of being transported to some wonderful land of Make-believe—such as Wynken, Blynken and Nod, setting out on that star-fishing voyage to the misty blue realms of the moon. Tucked up for the night, how we clamoured for the recital to begin, eager to be away on that starry sea of light, and how we thrilled to the narrative of getting there and, having got there, grew drowsy from sheer excitement and then fell asleep, content. The mental flight from the nursery brought that benison.

The healthy craving for change and diversion is equally strong in the adult, but while the instinct remains, our fixed habits of work and life inhibit it. The prime difficulty, always, is getting away. And that is where we can help you.

A "Sun Health Tour" to South Africa means travel made easy. Send for our special programme, "Sun Health Tours—Series B," and we will do the rest. Apply to South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C.2 (Phone: Temple Bar 4488), or the leading Travel Agencies.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

OPERA AT SADLER'S WELLS.

THE Sadler's Wells Theatre, which was reopened in 1931, will remain, it is to be hoped, a permanent home for opera in London, and do what the Old Vic has done for Shakespeare—provide a repertory of classical opera throughout the year. The Old Vic has for a long time past given operatic performances as well as dramatic; but it was not until its reconstruction a year or two ago and the simultaneous opening of the rebuilt Sadler's Wells Theatre, under the same management, that adequate rehearsals and preparation were possible. Now, with the two theatres working in conjunction, having the combined resources of opera, ballet, and drama, a permanent prosperity should be assured.

Although their operatic productions still leave a lot to be desired—and I shall have something to say in detail on this point presently—it is essentially true that you will now find on any night at Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic a more distinguished audience than at any other London theatre. When foreigners of any culture come to London, it is to Sadler's Wells or the Old Vic that one is obliged to look. These are the only two public theatres in London which have a consistent artistic policy and artistic ambitions.

Recently to the operatic repertory at Sadler's Wells there has been added a double bill consisting of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," and a new one-act opera by Arthur Benjamin, "The Devil Take Her." The production of "Dido and Aeneas" was not without merit, but it was often marred by the inappropriate contortions of the dancers, whose movements were nearly always conceived on stereotyped ballet lines that were unrelated to the spirit of the scenes in which they took part. Exaggerations and fussiness are the besetting sins of all choruses and choristic effort in drama and opera. It seems beyond the capacity of most producers and choreographers to devise simple and appropriately expressive movements for the *corps de ballet*; but I believe it is entirely due to their being content with conventional forms, and they will not make a fresh start and look at each problem as an entirely new one.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!

On the musical side I have also reservations to make, much as I should like to be able to give only

whole-hearted praise. In the first place, since the whole point of giving opera in English (and of course "Dido and Aeneas" is an English opera) is that the public may follow the words and understand exactly the situations, it is unforgivable for the singers' words to be inaudible from the sixth row of the stalls. But this is not only a serious dramatic fault, it is also a musical crime, for I am prepared to declare that good singing is impossible without good diction. Somebody should sit at the back of the theatre during rehearsals with a policeman's whistle, and blow a shrill blast at every inaudible word. I am well aware that it would be days before a rehearsal could proceed uninterrupted for five minutes, but the result would be worth it, and the improvement would be magical, nor would it fail to have a corresponding effect upon public enjoyment and support.

The singers in "The Devil Take Her" were much better in this respect than in "Dido and Aeneas," but even Miss Joan Cross was not always audible, although she (in the part of the wife cured of dumbness) and Mr. John Greenwood were among the best. From a musical point of view the best performance was that of the final chorus in "Dido and Aeneas," under Mr. Lawrence Collingwood. The new opera, "The Devil Take Her," has the advantage of a concise and amusing plot, but musically it is wholly derivative.

BAX'S NEW SYMPHONY.

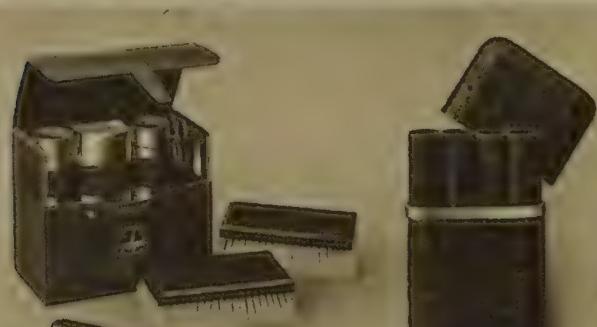
There were two "first performances" at the last Courtauld-Sargent concert at the Queen's Hall. The first was Kodaly's "Theatre Overture." This proved to be one of those energetic but essentially commonplace efforts by which composers try to give an appearance of gaiety and vivacity. Compared with Johann Strauss or any of the really gifted composers of light music, Kodaly seems in this work to be merely dull and elephantine. Bax's new symphony was a disappointment to me. It is in three movements, of which the first and last are strenuous, and the second lyrical. The lyricism seemed to me sentimental and vague in form. The other movements lacked invention and structure. How one longed amid this harmonic shifting from instrument to instrument, from muted brass to celesta and strings, for a little real counterpoint! Perhaps I am not a fair judge of this structureless music. I prefer form to colour, and the formlessness of Delius and Bax is wearisome and repellent to me. But I

do not believe music can appeal to us for long which lacks form. It is notable that those works of Debussy which wear best are precisely those with clear-cut outlines and a definite structure, such, for example, as the "Prelude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune" and the "Sirènes" nocturne.

W. J. TURNER.

The Rev. W. Noël Lambert, Vicar of St. Gabriel's Poplar, is using every effort to relieve the pressure of poverty by which he is surrounded on every side. It is a big task in which much help is needed. Children will be cared for, also provision made for sick and lonely aged men and women, and for deserving unemployed.

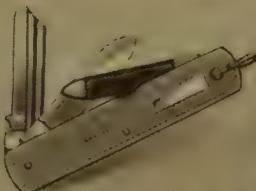
No Christmas party is complete without crackers, and, as usual, these essential accessories are again provided by Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., Ltd., in profuse variety, to suit every taste and purses both long and short. Among the more imposing items may be mentioned a monster box of table decoration crackers, each containing a headdress, with curios, perfume, powder-puff, fan, and so on. Another handsome table decoration consists of a gold basket with an imitation rose and rose-pink crackers, the latter having equally alluring contents. For the patriotic revellers there is a large box of Empire crackers containing hats and novelties of an appropriate character. Paper hats and caps of sumptuous colour and design are also obtainable separately. Many other attractive boxes of crackers fall mainly into two categories—the artistic or romantic; and the comic or juvenile. Of the former, some charming examples are the boxes entitled respectively "Love's Escort," "Witching Hour," "Vivacity," "Blossoms," and "Milady's Court." In all these crackers, of course, are to be found the customary articles suited to the type of box, such as imitation jewellery, caps, flowers, scent, balloons, masks, streamers, proverbs, mottoes, and verses. A real novelty is a box of Cracker Pastries, in round jar-like receptacles, each containing a hat and a trinket, together with a snap and an up-to-date love motto. The humorous boxes comprise "Ye Merrie Makers," the "Disconcerting" crackers, with various puzzles; and the "Cartoon," containing false noses, eyes, and cartoons in place of mottoes. More especially adapted for the younger generation is a box of Prize crackers. Likewise admirable for the little folks is Tom Smith's great Christmas stocking, crammed to capacity with toys and kindred delights.



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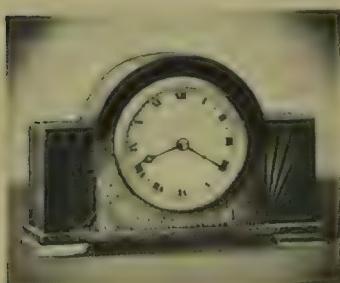
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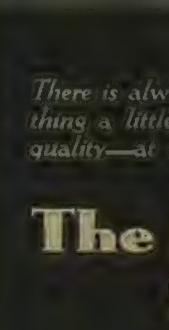
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But the modern child, we are often told, has grown *blasé* about fairy-tales. Science has now revealed fantastic wonders that may well take the place of Grimm and the Arabian Nights. "Oola-Boola's Wonder Book," by Bruno H. Bürgel (translated by Ivy E. Clegg and illustrated by Anna Zinkeisen; Bell; 6s.), tells the fairy-tales of science. A drop of water; a match and a candle; an imaginary day on the moon, are the subjects of Dr. Oola-Boola, the old scientist's sketches.

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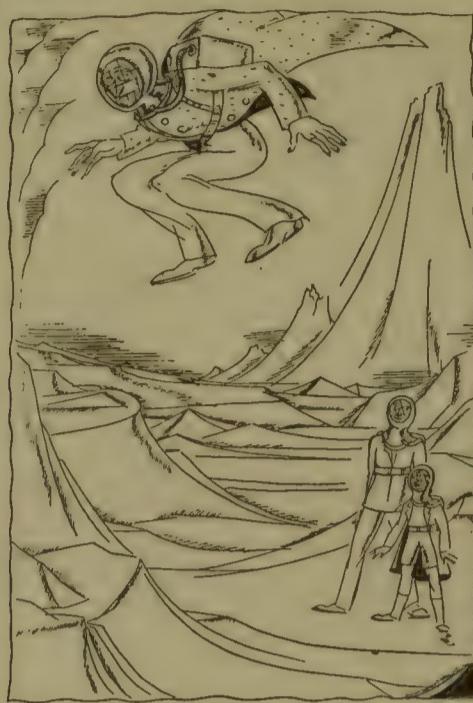
prints of books already well known, and suited, perhaps, to children of more advanced age. These are the "Mechanism of Nature" and "Engines," by Professor E. N. da C. Andrade; "At Home Among the Atoms," by Professor James Kendall; and "Concerning the Nature of Things," by Sir William Bragg, the author of the series of articles on "The Universe of Light" now appearing in *The Illustrated London News*. Books in the "Popular Science Series" are published at 4s. 6d. each, and are profusely illustrated.

Turning away now from fairy-tales, even the fairy-tales of science, we come to somewhat uncomfortable reality. Sir Arthur Salter in his "Recovery" (Bell; 10s. 6d.), first reviews the post-war years, when the world in general, and Europe in particular, made such a marvellous recovery in productivity. Then he examines the outbreak of the present crisis, and the causes, cyclical and incidental, which brought it on and intensified it. After studying the problems of gold and currency, he concludes with a programme of action. "A world now apprehensive and defensive," he thinks, "needs most the qualities it has for the moment abandoned: courage and magnanimity."

Blackwood's Magazine has been famous for more than a century for the excellence of its short stories, particularly those which appear from time to time under the heading "From the Outposts." A series of volumes has now appeared in which stories chosen from *Blackwood's* within the last forty years are reprinted. They embrace both fact and fiction, and the scenes are laid in all sorts of places. The tales are grouped roughly according to subject, enabling the reader to pick out his favourites. The titles include "Jobs of Work"; "Tales of the Sea"; "Pioneering"; "Tales of the Border"; "Small Wars of the Empire"; and "Frontiers of Empire." (Blackwood; 3s. 6d. each).

Unconsciously, perhaps, on picking up Mr. J. C. Squire's new anthology, "Younger Poets of To-day" (Secker; 6s.), one looks for familiar names. And one of the first to meet the eye is something of a surprise. For here is Professor Andrade, the great scientist, writing verses. "Happiness" one of his poems is called, and the other, "Song." Edmund Blunden is here with thirteen poems; Richard Aldington with his "In Memory of Wilfred Owen"; Roy Campbell with his heart-warming directness and wonderful powers of imagery; Edith Sitwell with a poem addressed to her brothers; Eric Linklater, Aldous Huxley, R. H. Mottram, and many other names, including not a few newcomers of great promise.

"Laura Seaborne," by Julian Hall (also published by Secker; 7s. 6d.), is the story of a beautiful wayward woman of our own day, who gains a reputation by her extraordinary charm and originality. But, though she makes many social



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faux pas, and though she flouts every convention and is cut by the people "who really matter," her friends cannot find it in their hearts to abandon her, such is the glamour of her personality. In the end, with a typically nonchalant gesture, she gives herself in marriage to a man of great wealth.

From the same publishers (at 16s.) is "Samuel Butler; a Mid-Victorian Modern," by Clara G. Stillmann. Surely Samuel Butler was one of the most fascinating figures with which Reality ever mocked the efforts of Fiction. He was an amateur scientist, an amateur novelist, an amateur scholar, an amateur theologian, an amateur art-critic. Yet in each of these spheres he left work which has outlived that of many professionals. Miss Stillmann does full justice to all the paradoxical facets of this extraordinary ego—far too various even to hint at here.

Dr. Gaster is already well known as the editor of the Samaritan "Asater." In the first volume of his work on "Samaritan Eschatology" (published by the "Search Publishing Company" at 12s. 6d.), he sets out the beliefs of this peculiar religious community (who claim to be the descendants of the Ten Tribes and to possess the orthodox religion of Moses) on the subject of Immortality, Resurrection, Future Punishment and Reward, the Taheb (a Messianic figure), and the second Kingdom, all translated from hitherto inedited manuscripts.

Here is a work that will stand the student of London's history in good stead. "The London Directories, 1677-1855,"

by C. W. F. Goss, F.S.A. (by the same publishers; 15s.), has descriptions of some fifty-eight publications, some of which ran for over thirty years previous to 1855. The list begins with a description of a "Collection of the Names of the Merchants Living in and about the City of London"—one hundred and twelve pages 16mo., plus six pages of "Goldsmiths that keep running cashes"; while at the end is the fifty-fifth edition of the Post Office Directory, then comprising two thousand four hundred and eight pages.

The collection of old maps, started as a fashion a few years ago, shows no sign of diminishing. Maps make ideal Christmas presents, for they are both ornamental and historically interesting. Hours may be spent studying their



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quaint orthography, and the colouring in the old examples is a delight to the eye. The "Orion Booksellers," of 8, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, are in a position to supply their customers with old maps of every description and at prices to suit every pocket.

"Stamboul Train" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is a thriller, and no one could want a more thoroughgoing one. Murder, robbery, revolution, seduction, court martial, dog the line of swaying coaches carrying so many characters to such distant destinations. But there is little of that artificiality so frequently associated with stories of international crime. The characters have a force of their own, from the chorus girl, Coral Musker—the rather pathetic, determinedly vital, bit of fluff whirled from Ostend to Serbia and then whirled back again—to the heroic Dr. Czinner, an agitator who dies for his cause. One can only heartily agree with the Book Society in their choice of this book for December.

Alex. J. Morrison, the great American golf-instructor, has done a welcome service to all students and players of the game in his book, "A New Way to Better Golf" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d., with foreword by Bernard Darwin). He links up the action of a golfer's swing with the structure of the human body. He is, we learn, "the arch-enemy of golf 'don'ts,' . . . and substitutes for them the few simple principles of the correct swing—not correct because *he* does it, but correct because of the structure of your own body." The book contains many illustrations of great interest.



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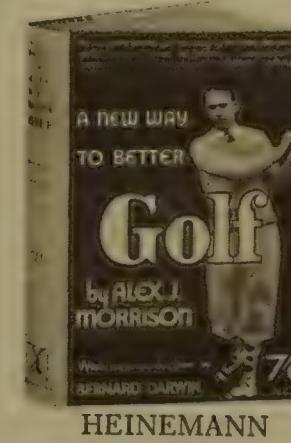
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Institute of Automobile Engineers has revived the question of that much-needed "motor degree" for a competent mechanic which they initiated several years ago. It was then proposed that craftsmen in motor-repair shops and such like engineering works might submit themselves to examination with a view of becoming "certified automobile repairmen." The scheme met with very general approval at the time from the masters and employees, but, unfortunately, fell through from lack of financial support. The motoring public have long suffered from the "botcher" of repair-shops whose efforts frequently produce troubles in the mechanism, in place of curing them, when a car is handed over to his incompetent hands. The revival of this important technical question is due to an admirable paper on "Repairs" recently read by Mr. H. Troughton before the members of the I.A.E. For some years, writers on motor matters have been asking the owners of garages and such repairing shops to find some method of assuring the car owner that his car will be properly dealt with so long as he sends it to a shop manned by "certified repair-men." I, for one, have advocated the advantage this "degree" would bring, as many readers write to me asking where they shall send



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their car for certain repairs, as they no longer can put up with the way such work is mishandled at their local repair shop.

The lack of knowledge and skill of the work-people employed, and of the owner or foreman of many motor-repairing shops, has produced to-day the well-equipped Service Stations financed and staffed by the car manufacturer to handle the repairs and adjustments of his own make of car in all the large cities of England such as London, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, etc. But there are many thousands of owners who live too far away from such makers' service stations and who also wish to patronise, if possible, the local garage. Let us hope that the Institution of Automobile Engineers, aided by those powerful organisations, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and the Motor Agents Association, will be able to find sufficient financial support to carry their excellent idea into practical being. Then in course of time the public will refuse to send their cars to any garage for repairs unless a "certified repair-man" is employed to perform the necessary work. According to the Board of Trade preliminary Report on the Census of Production (No. 23) for 1930, over £12,000,000 worth of repair-work on motor (and motor-cycle) vehicles was done by 1857 repair-works employing more than ten men in the year. This does not take into account the work done by 14,200 firms of repairing-shops whose number of employees is less than ten. I mention these facts to show how important it is for the work to be done by qualified craftsmen.

"BUSINESS WITH AMERICA." AT THE HAYMARKET.

THE action of this play passes in Vienna for no apparent reason save that it gives the author the chance to work in a rather naughty line that the private boxes in the Opera House have ante-rooms from which one can't hear a note of music. It is all very light and gay entertainment, thanks very largely to the acting and production. Miss Madge Titheradge was fascinating as the wife who is so devoted to her dog that she won't be parted from him even at the dinner-table. As the husband, Mr. Clifford Mollison objects to a canine intruder when he is meeting, for the first time, the American director of his firm, from whom he is hoping great things. The wife flounces out in a huff, so Miss Leonora Corbett, as the secretary, borrows a frock from a friend and poses as the hostess. Mr. Ian Hunter, who plays the American, promptly falls in love with her, and is somewhat startled when her supposed husband, discovering her in his arms, displays no jealousy—even, indeed, encourages him. But when the wife returns in a ravishing frock, pretending to be her own husband's secretary, the American falls even more violently in love with her. The author misses an opportunity for a big comedy scene between the two women, and in less capable hands than those of the present company the whole play might be dull. But, taken as a whole, it is first-class entertainment, and kept the first-night audience in a constant ripple of laughter. Delightfully acted by Miss Madge Titheradge, Miss Leonora Corbett, Mr. Clifford Mollison, and Mr. Ian Hunter.

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THE ART OF PACIFYING EUROPE.

(Continued from Page 986.)

into which so many wars had thrown it; and slowly the creative forces that were to explode after 1848 were allowed to accumulate. To-day it is the contrary that is happening: under the compression of the authoritative régimes now established in so many countries, misery, despair, unsettlement of minds, and the stifling of creative forces are on the increase.

How are we to explain that difference, before which the policy of all the States comes to a standstill, bewildered and often paralysed? The key to the mystery lies in those six pages of Talleyrand. In 1814 there was a certain number of surviving dynasties whose right to rule the State was still recognised by certain groups among the people. Under the influence of the ideas that Talleyrand has set forth so lucidly in the second volume of his Memoirs, the Congress of Vienna tried to the best of its ability to base the power of each dynasty, great or small, on a wide majority of population ready of its own free will to recognise its traditional sovereign right. It is in this sense that the régimes of 1815, although authoritative, were reactions against the "usurpation" of force, as Talleyrand called it; a return, after so many revolutionary upheavals, to legitimate governments. And that is why the authoritative régimes of 1815, in spite of their drawbacks and deficiencies, pacified and reorganised Europe. The authoritative régimes that have been steadily multiplying in Europe for the last fifteen years arrive at the opposite result because they are usurpations of force, reactions against the principles of legitimate governments. It is quite simple, as you see, for anyone who has read and understood those six pages of Talleyrand. It was not quite so simple for the man who had to draw those pages from his own brain in 1814.

Six decisive pages, I said. In all my life I have never read anything that impressed me more. Practically all I have written in the last fifteen years, all my teaching at Geneva, is the outcome of those pages. Talleyrand was connected with diplomacy all his life: all his life he drew up and received notes, gave dinners and balls, negotiated, intrigued, and signed treaties. He excelled in that subtle art. But there have been many good diplomats in the last few centuries; as a diplomat, Talleyrand was no more than an eminent member of a large family. But what he did in 1814 and 1815 is no longer diplomacy, even of the highest order: it is great history. He was confronted with a disorder without precedent, new and enormous: he conceived an idea

that was in itself quite simple—only no one happened to have thought of it before—clear and cut-and-dried, to get the world out of that disorder. There have been men who have lived and acted history for longer periods: his moment was brief, but of incomparable magnitude. There was in that moment a new heroism that the world has not yet been able to realise. For the first time in history, one man alone, armed only with his own reason and experience, faced an enormous chaos brought on by twenty-five years of wars and revolutions: and that man dominated it, and, in so doing, saved Europe.

That small service should, one would think, tell in the balance of merits and faults and be a certain make-weight on the merit side against the apostasy, debts, royal tips, recantations, and love-affairs that posterity insists on piling on to the side of the faults. Not at all. Within the last few years, for instance, Europe was presented with a life of Talleyrand, written with much erudition, in which five pages are devoted to discussing whether Delacroix, the famous painter, might not have been the son of the former Bishop of Autun, and twenty-seven lines to the part played by Talleyrand in the Lille Conference of 1797. That Conference still remains a mystery, as do all the really important historic episodes of that period. I believe that on the day when that mystery is seriously probed, it will be found that Talleyrand, only recently appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Directoire, had planned an extremely intricate scheme, with no lesser object than that of universal peace—what should have been a brilliant beginning for a Minister for Foreign Affairs. His plan failed; he had to bide his time for another seventeen years, draining many a bitter draught the while, until his chance came. Does it not seem that any effort towards universal peace, even abortive, might be of rather more interest to the intellectual élite of our time than the escapades, real or imaginary, of Mme. Delacroix?

The nineteenth century displayed an astonishing lack of understanding in the presence of that historic figure, the most novel, most original, deepest, and most powerful of all in the Revolution and Empire period. That lack was so great that it can only be explained by a progressive obliteration of the political sense in the whole of Western civilisation. Only the generations that unlearnt the art of governing men, in order to learn to do so many other important things, could have gone wrong to such a degree. That is why it is high time for us to devote some serious study to the history of that troublous period; it is not a question of doing justice to the great misunderstood, it is a question of distinguishing its great men and the doctrines that gave birth to the huge chaos at

the beginning of the nineteenth century, men and doctrines thanks to which it was possible to get the better of it then, and which might even help our own period to struggle out of the chaos, that is threatening to swallow us now.

In an advanced civilisation, any order, whether national or international, can only be founded on freely accepted principles of right. Wishing to impose by force principles incompatible with the conscience of the time is not founding order, but letting loose disorder: those are the truths that Talleyrand discovered in 1814 in the midst of the ruins of Napoleon's Empire. They are two very simple truths. But the simple ones are the most difficult to find and the most easily mislaid. It is because the world has forgotten those simple truths that it finds itself in such a plight at the present time, and the more it tries to struggle out, the further it sinks in.

The falsifications of history can sometimes cost too dear. For instance, how many mistakes could have been avoided by the Treaties of 1919 if our period could have looked upon the Congress of Vienna as a first and important experiment, rich in instruction for succeeding generations, and the first effort made to solve that new problem—the rapid pacification of a continent after twenty-five years of war and revolution! The effort was only partially successful; the experiment was not without mistakes: but what precious teachings could have been afforded by those mistakes, if only they had been studied with respect and intelligence in connection with the beneficial and vital part of the Congress! All was disdained, and when in 1919 it was again necessary to reorganise Europe, as in 1814, no pattern was forthcoming in the presence of a problem without precedent. And this time there was no new Talleyrand; there could not be, because the first would have sufficed. He already existed: the world did not realise it, because it could no longer understand him: of what use, then, a second appearance?

If it is still in existence, that precious manuscript must be found: homage should be rendered to the memory of the man who saved Europe from chaos in 1814. If, as may be feared, it has been destroyed, we must at least be thankful that the mysterious vandals responsible for such a barbarity have at least preserved for us those six pages of the second volume. If the manuscript were found again, there would certainly be great pages in it, but I doubt whether it could contain anything more important than those six. When the West once more learns the art of governing men, those six pages will count far more for the glory of France than countless books and untold battles. They condense a wisdom of which the West will ever stand in need, so long as it wishes to remain a great civilisation.

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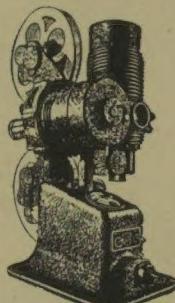


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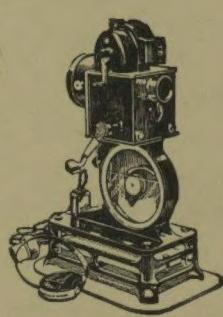
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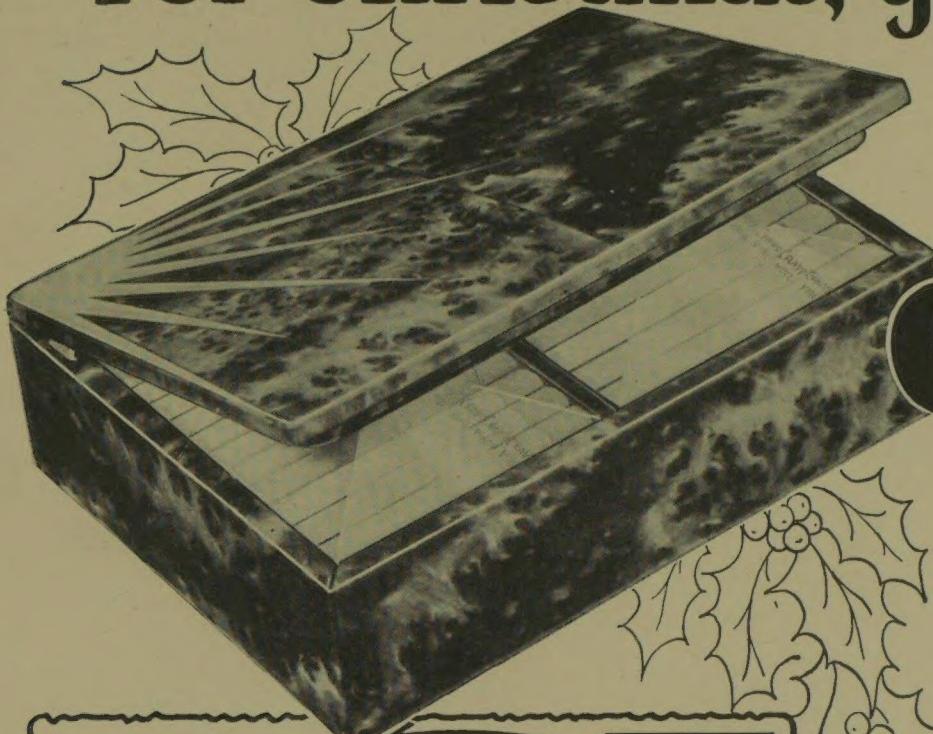
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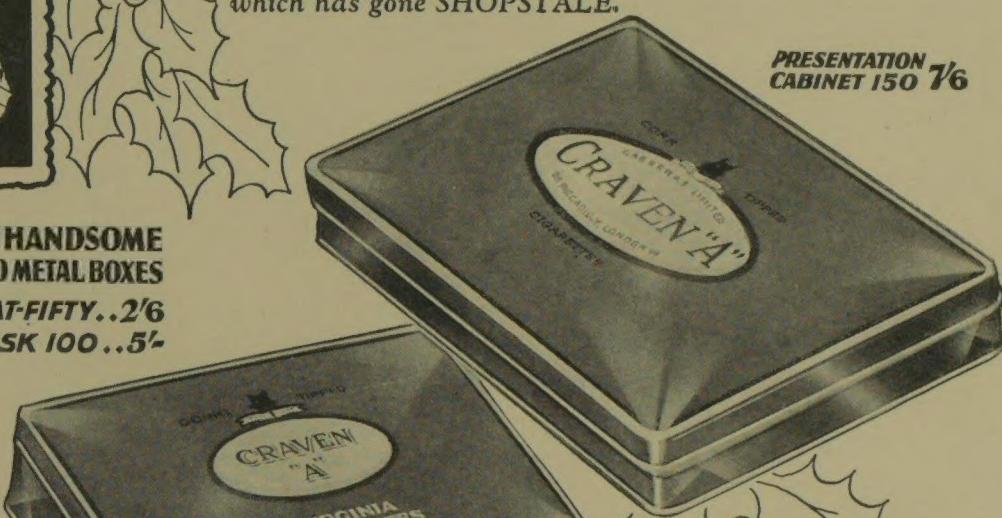
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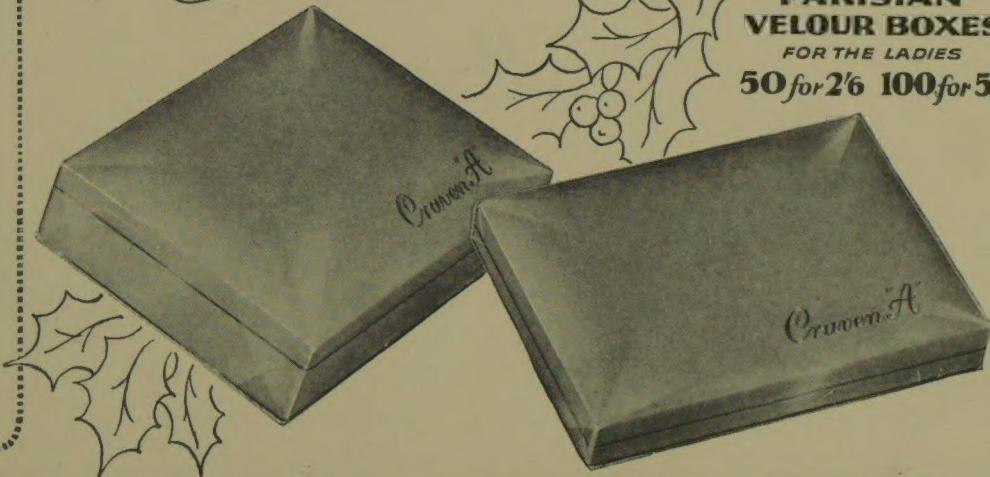


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